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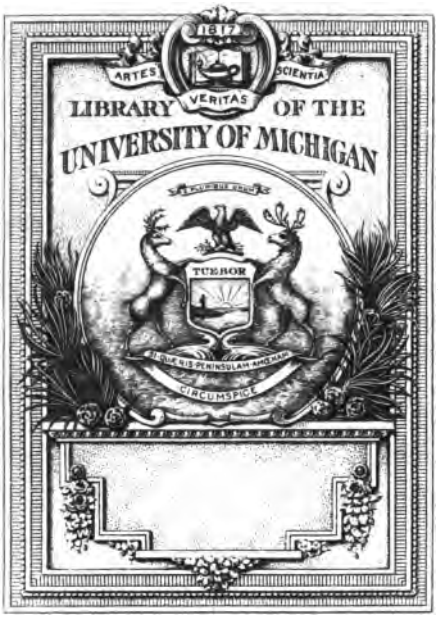
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LETTERS

OF THE LATE

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

VOL. II.

LONDON. Publish'd 4th Jan.y 1782, by J. Nichols Red Lion Passage Fleet Street.

Th. Howell.

LETTERS

OF THE LATE

IGNATIUS SANCHO,

AN AFRICAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

To which are prefixed,

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed by J. NICHOLS:
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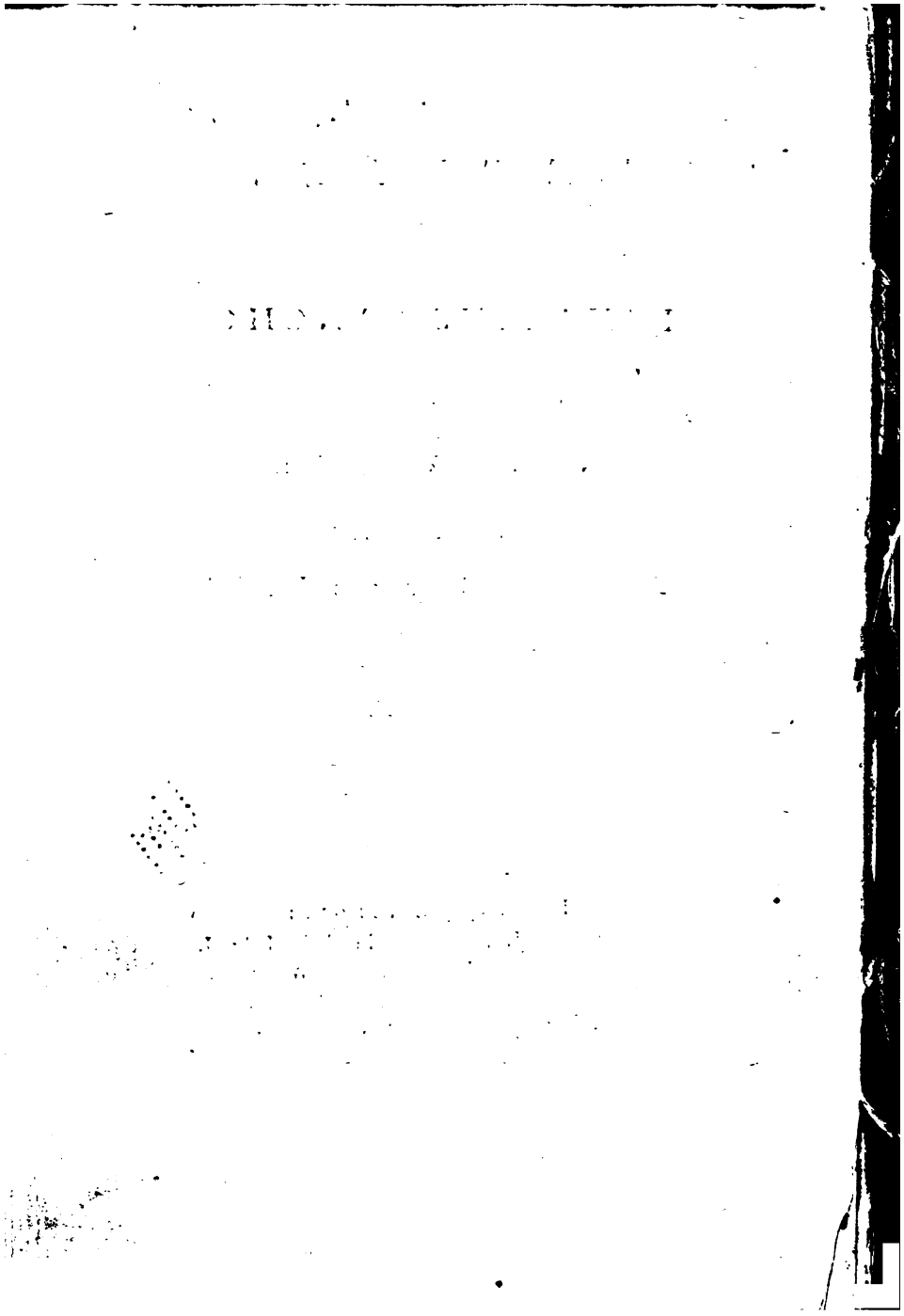

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LETTERS.

LETTER I.

TO MR. J—— W——E.

1778.

YOUR good father inſiſts on my ſcribbling a ſheet of abſurdities, and gives me a notable reaſon for it, that is, 'Jack will be pleaſed with it.'—Now be it known to you—I have a reſpect both for father and ſon—yea for the whole family, who are every ſoul (that I have the honour or pleaſure to know any thing of) tinctured—and leavened with all the obſolete goodneſs of old times—ſo that a man runs ſome hazard in being ſeen in the W——e's ſociety of being biaſſed to Chriſtianity.—I never ſee your poor Father—but his eyes betray his feelings—for the hopeful youth in India—a tear

1-16-36 MFP

of joy dancing upon the lids---is a plaudit not to be equalled this ſide death!---See the effects of right-doing, my worthy friend---continue in the tract of rectitude---and deſpiſe poor paltry Europeans ---titled---Nabobs.---Read your Bible---as day follows night, God's bleſſing follows virtue---honour---and riches bring up the rear---and the end is peace.---Courage, my boy---I have done preaching.---Old folks love to ſeem wiſe---and if you are ſilly enough to correſpond with grey hairs---take the conſequence.---I have had the pleaſure of reading moſt of your letters, through the kindneſs of your father.---Youth is naturally prone to vanity---ſuch is the weakneſs of Human Nature, that pride has a fortreſs in the beſt of hearts---I know no perſon that poſſeſſes a better than Johnny W——e ---but although flattery is poiſon to youth, yet truth obliges me to confeſs that your correſpondence betrays no ſymptom of vanity---but teems with truths of an honeſt affection---which merits praiſe---and commands eſteem.

In ſome one of your letters which I do not recollect---you ſpeak (with honeſt indignation) of the treachery and chicanery of the Natives *.---My good friend, you ſhould remember from whom they learnt thoſe vices:---the firſt chriſtian viſitors found them a ſimple, harmleſs people---but the curſed avidity for wealth urged theſe firſt viſitors (and all the ſucceeding ones) to ſuch acts of deception---and even wanton cruelty---that the poor ignorant Natives ſoon learnt to turn the knaviſh---and diabolical arts which

* Extracts of two letters from Mr. W——e to his Father, dated Bombay, 1776 and 1777.

"1776. I have introduced myſelf to Mr. G—, "who behaved very friendly in giving me ſome "advice, which was very neceſſary, as the inhabi- "tants, who are chiefly Blacks, are a ſet of cant- "ing, deceitful people, and of whom one muſt "have great caution."

"1777. I am now thoroughly convinced, that "the account which Mr. G—— gave me of the "natives of this country is juſt and true, that "they are a ſet of deceitful people, and have not "ſuch a word as Gratitude in their language, "neither do they know what it is—and as to "their dealings in trade, they are like unto Jews."

they too ſoon imbibed---upon their teachers.

I am ſorry to obſerve that the practice of your country (which as a reſident I love---and for its freedom---and for the many bleſſings I enjoy in it---ſhall ever have my warmeſt wiſhes---prayers---and bleſſings); I ſay it is with reluctance, that I muſt obſerve your country's conduct has been uniformly wicked in the Eaſt—Weſt-Indies—and even on the coaſt of Guinea.—The grand object of Engliſh navigators—indeed of all chriſtian navigators—is money—money—money—for which I do not pretend to blame them—Commerce was meant by the goodneſs of the Deity to diffuſe the various goods of the earth into every part—to unite mankind in the bleſſed chains of brotherly love—ſociety—and mutual dependence:—the enlightened Chriſtian ſhould diffuſe the riches of the Goſpel of peace—with the commodities of his reſpective land—Commerce attended with ſtrict honeſty—and with Religion for its companion—would be a

bleſſing to every ſhore it touched at.—In Africa, the poor wretched natives—bleſſed with the moſt fertile and luxuriant ſoil—are rendered ſo much the more miſerable for what Providence meant as a bleſſing:—the Chriſtians' abominable traffic for ſlaves—and the horrid cruelty and treachery of the petty Kings—encouraged by their Chriſtian cuſtomers—who carry them ſtrong liquors—to enflame their national madneſs—and powder—and bad fire-arms—to furniſh them with the helliſh means of killing and kidnapping.—But enough—it is a ſubject that ſours my blood—and I am ſure will not pleaſe the friendly bent of your ſocial affections.—I mentioned theſe only to guard my friend againſt being too haſty in condemning the knavery of a people who bad as they may be—poſſibly—were made worſe—by their Chriſtian viſitors.—Make human nature thy ſtudy—wherever thou reſideſt—whatever the religion—or the complexion—ſtudy their hearts.—Simplicity, kindneſs, and charity be thy guide—with theſe even Sa-

vages will reſpect you—and God will bleſs you!

Your father—who ſees every improvement of his boy with delight—obſerves that your hand-writing is much for the better—in truth, I think it as well as any modeſt man can wiſh:—if my long epiſtles do not frighten you—and I live till the return of next ſpring—perhaps I ſhall be enabled to judge how much you are improved ſince your laſt favour:—write me a deal about the natives—the ſoil and produce—the domeſtic and interior manners of the people—cuſtoms—prejudices—faſhions—and follies.—Alas! we have plenty of the two laſt here—and what is worſe, we have politics—and a deteſtable Brother's war—where the right hand is hacking and hewing the left—whilſt Angels weep at our madneſs—and Devils rejoice at the ruinous proſpect.

Mr. R——— and the ladies are well.—Johnny R——— has favoured me with a long letter—he is now grown familiar with danger—and can bear the whiſtling

of bullets—the cries and groans of the human ſpecies—the roll of drums—clangor of trumpets—ſhouts of combatants—and thunder of cannon—all theſe he can bear with ſoldier-like fortitude—with now and then a ſecret wiſh for the ſociety of his London friends—in the ſweet bleſſed ſecurity—of peace—and friendſhip.

This, young man, is my ſecond letter—I have wrote till I am ſtupid, I perceive—I ought to have found it out two pages back.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in good wiſhes—I join her in the ſame—in which double ſenſe believe me,

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

Very ſhort.

Poſtſcript.

It is with ſincere pleaſure I hear you have a lucrative eſtabliſhment—which will enable you to appear and act with decency—your good ſenſe will naturally

lead you to proper œconomy—as diſtant from frigid parſimony, as from a heedleſs extravagancy—but as you may poſſibly have ſome time to ſpare upon your hands for neceſſary recreation—give me leave to obtrude my poor advice.—I have heard it more than once obſerved of fortunate adventurers—they have come home enriched in purſe—but wretchedly barren in intellects—the mind, my dear Jack, wants food—as well as the ſtomach—why then ſhould not one wiſh to increaſe in knowledge as well as money?—Young ſays—"Books are fair Virtue's advocates, and friends"—now my advice is—to preſerve about 20 *l.* a year for two or three ſeaſons—by which means you may gradually form a uſeful, elegant, little library—ſuppoſe now the firſt year you ſend the order—and the money to your father—for the following books—which I recommend from my own ſuperficial knowledge as uſeful.—A man ſhould know a little of Geography—Hiſtory, nothing more uſeful, or pleaſant.

Robertſon's Charles the 5th, 4 vols.
Goldſmith's Hiſtory of Greece, 2 vols.
Ditto, of Rome, 2 vols.
Ditto, of England, 4 vols.

Two ſmall volumes of Sermons uſeful—and very ſenſible—by one Mr. Williams, a diſſenting miniſter—which are as well as fifty—for I love not a multiplicity of doctrines—a few plain tenets—eaſy—ſimple—and directed to the heart—are better than volumes of controverſial nonſenſe.—Spectators—Guardians—and Tatlers—you have of courſe.—Young's Night-Thoughts—Milton—and Thomſon's Seaſons were my ſummer companions—for near twenty years—they mended my heart—they improved my veneration to the Deity—and increaſed my love to my neighbours.

You have to thank God for ſtrong natural parts—a feeling humane heart—you write with ſenſe and judicious diſcernment—improve yourſelf, my dear Jack, that if it ſhould pleaſe God to return you to your friends with the fortune of a man in upper rank, the embel-

liſhments of your mind may be ever conſidered as greatly ſuperior to your riches—and only inferior to the goodneſs of your heart. I give you the above as a ſketch—your father and other of your friends will improve upon it in the courſe of time—I do indeed judge that the above is enough at firſt—in conformity with the old adage——"A few Books and a few Friends, and thoſe well choſen."

Adieu, Yours,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER II.

TO MR. M——.

July 26, 1775.

DEAR M——,

S*** is a riddle—I will ſerve him if I can—were I rich, he ſhould have no reaſon to deſpiſe me—but he muſt learn to try to ſerve himſelf—I wiſh you would throw your good ſenſe upon paper for him—advice from one of his own years would ſink deeper than the fuſty phleg-

matic ſaws of an old man—do in charity give him half an hour's labour—I do really think that you and S * * * have ſenſe enough for a dozen young fellows—and if it pleaſed God it were ſo divided—they would each be happier, wiſer, and richer than S * * * or M——, and this by the way of thanking you—pooh—I will do that when I ſee you—and if that never happens, a good action thanks itſelf.—Mr. Garrick called upon S—— on Tueſday night, and won his heart; he called to pay poor de Grote's lodgings, ſat with him ſome time, and chatted friendly.

I admire your modeſty in grudging me two letters for one—and greaſing me with the fulſoms of ſneering praiſe—Sirrah, be quiet—what, you Snoodlepoop! have you any care—wife—or family? You ought to write volumes—it gives expanſion to your thoughts—facility to your invention—eaſe to your diction—and pleaſes your Friend,

SANCHO.

Write Knave—or—or—or—

LETTER III.

TO MRS. C——.

July 23, 1778.

DEAR MADAM,

SHALL I acknowledge myſelf a weak ſuperſtitious Fool? Yes, I will tell the honeſt truth—you have this fooliſh letter in conſequence of a laſt night's dream—Queen Mab has been with me—aye, and with Mrs. Sancho too—for my part, I dare not reveal half my dream—but upon telling our night's viſions over the tea-table at breakfaſt—it was judged rather uncommon for us all to dream of the ſame party.—Now I own I have great reaſon to dream of you waking—for you have been a very true and uncommon friend to me and mine—neither have I the leaſt objection to theſe nightly viſits, ſo as I have the pleaſure to meet you (though but in viſion) in good health—thy health is the very thing that I doubt about—there-

fore graciouſly let us know by the next poſt that you are well, and mean to take every prudent ſtep ſo to continue—that you have left off tea, I do much approve of—but inſiſt that you make your viſitors drink double quantity—that I may be no loſer—I hope you find cocoa agree with you—it ſhould be made always over night, and boiled for above fifteen minutes—but you muſt caution Miſs C—— not to drink it—for there is nothing ſo fattening to little folks—the R—ns way-laid my friend R——, and preſſed Dame Sancho and ſelf into the ſervice laſt Sunday—we had a good and ſocial dinner, and Mrs. Sancho forced me to ſtay ſupper—I think the Doctor looks as well as I ever ſaw him—indeed I could read in his chearful countenance that he left you well—I do not doubt but you have paid a viſit to the camp—and ſeen brother O—— in his glory—I hope he will have regard to his health, and for profit I do think it muſt anſwer better to him than to (almoſt) any other man in the country—pray be ſo kind to

make our beſt reſpects to Miſs A——s, and to every one who delighteth in Blackamoor greetings.—We have no news but old lies—ſcoured and turned like miſers coats which ſerve very well. We gape and ſwallow—wonder and look wiſe—conjurers over a news-paper, and blockheads at home.—Adieu! let me hear that you are very well; it will pleaſe Mrs. Sancho, and if I know any thing of her huſband, it will be no leſs pleaſing to your much obliged humble ſervant and friend,

IGN. SANCHO.

N. B. I walk upon two legs now.

Our beſt reſpects to Miſs C——, hope ſhe is intent upon camp faſhions; but caution her in my name to be on her guard; Cupid reſides in camp by choice. Oh, Miſs C——! beware—beware of the little God.

I. S.

Now this is writing to Miſs C——.

LETTER IV.

TO MR. K——.

July 23, 1778.

I RECEIVED yours with ſatisfaction, as it gave me a certainty of your being (upon the whole) much better. As to your ſaying you are not girliſhly inclined—why—I give you credit—for it—thou muſt watch—and—pray—for Satan is artful, and knoweth all our weak parts—and that dirty little blind feathered, ſhouldered ſcoundrel of a boy, maſter Cupid—lurks couchant—in the pupil of an eye—in the hollow of a dimple—in the cherry ripe plumpneſs of a pair of lips—in the artfully timid preſſure of a fair hand—in the complimentary ſqueeze of a farewell—in ſhort, and in one word, watch—watch.

So you forgot all I ſaid about Charles the 5th—well, you give your reaſons—

but when you have got through your ſugar works—I hope you will give due attention to Robertſon:—his firſt volume is the moſt learned, and the dryeſt, yet abſolutely neceſſary to be read with great attention—as it will—render the other much more eaſy—clear and intelligible make yourſelf—tolerably acquainted with the feudal ſyſtem of Europe, which you will find explained in his firſt volume—the reſt will amply reward you—I recommend to you to make extracts upon the paſſages which ſtrike you moſt—it will be of infinite uſe to you—as I truſt you will find it as much a hiſtory of Europe during two centuries, as of Charles the 5th.—After all—I ſhall fume and ſcold if you do not read this work—and abuſe you, if you do not reliſh it.—You flatter my vanity very agreeably—in ever ſuppoſing that any hints of mine ſhould conduce to the culture of your little farm:—be that as it may—I am happy in the certainty of never intentionally miſleading or miſadviſing any male youth—I wiſh I could

ſay, Virgin!—farewell! read, reflect! then write, and let me have your opinions.

Yours ſincerely,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER V.

TO MR. R——.

July 31, 1778.

DEAR FRIEND,

THANKS for your very valuable letter, and its obliging companion—your brother writes in good ſpirits—but I fear the m—n—ty members were right in their predictions of the ſucceſs of the commiſſioners—Alas! what deſolation—deſtruction and ruin—bad hearts or bad heads—have brought upon this poor country!—I muſt, however, give Mr. J—R—— another letter, he fluctuates ſo terribly in his opinions—as you will ſee by the contents of his letter to me—

which I hope you will ſoon enable me to ſhew you.—Yes, I muſt and will give him a flogging, which you will ſay is extreamly gtateful, and a civil return for his kindneſs in thinking of me.—I have had a very kind and good letter from the little wren—we were pleaſed to hear Mrs. C—— had enjoyed ſo great a ſhare of health—ſhe, who is lovely even in ſickneſs, with the additional roſeat bloom of health and flow of ſpirits, will be almoſt too much for meer mortals to bear—tell her from me to get ſick before ſhe comes up in pity to the beaux.—Mrs. Sancho is better; poor Kitty goes on after the old ſort—the happieſt, my R——, in this life, have ſomething to ſigh for—alas! I have enough—I feel much pleaſure in the happy view Mr. and Mrs. R—n have before them—I have no ſort of doubt but they will be ſucceeſsfully happy—I ſhould have true pleaſure to ſee my friend Mr. J. R—— in as likely a road—I have ſpoke, and wrote to Mr. W—— to look out ſharp.—Time, which ripens revolutions,

and murders empires, time will, I hope, produce happineſs and content to us all.—Your coming to town will give me ſpirits; for, large as the town is, I cannot ſay I have more than one friend in it—come, you and I ſhall be rich indeed, for, I believe few of the ſons of Adam can boaſt of having more than two real friends.—The beſt reſpects to Mrs. C——, and the amiable little C——,

From yours, &c.

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

LETTER VI.

TO MISS C——.

Sept. 4, 1778.

FOR this month paſt—we have wiſhed —to hear ſomething about you—and every day for theſe two paſt weeks have I had it in ſerious-contemplation—

to put the queſtion—not to the amiable Miſs C—— but to my friend R—— who—notwithſtanding your friendly excuſe—is, I do think, rather culpable for his ſilence.—But hang recrimination—your goodneſs is more than ſufficient to exculpate a thouſand ſuch ſinners; we thank you, with heart-felt pleaſure, for the information of our and your dear friend Mrs. C——'s health—which I hope ſhe will be careful of—for our—and many ſakes—I have a favour to beg of her—through your mediation, which is this—I have a pair of Antigua turtles—the gift of Mr. P—— who kindly burthened himſelf with the care of them—the true property is veſted in Kitty—but ſo it is—we having neither warmth nor room, and Kitty's good godmother having both—and that kind of humanity withal which delighteth in doing good to orphans—I, in the name of Kate and her doves, do through you—our truſty council—petition Mrs. C—— in behalf of ſaid birds.—Were I poetically turned—what a glorious field for fancy

flights—ſuch as the blue-eyed Goddeſs with her flying carr—her doves and ſparrows, &c. &c.—Alas! my imagination is as barren as the deſert ſands of Arabia—but in ſerious truth—the ſhop—(the only place I have to put them in) is ſo cold—that I ſhall be happy to billet them to warmer quarters—which ſhall be done—as ſoon as Mrs. C—— announces her conſent—and empowers Molly to take them in.—As to news—we have none worth heeding—your camps have ruined all trade—but that of hackney men.—You much ſupprize us in the account of your late fair viſitant—but pleaſed us more in the account of O——'s ſucceſs—the ſeaſon has been, through God's bleſſing, as favourable as his friends—he is a lucky ſoul.—The S——s are both well, I hope—to whom pray be ſo kind to remember us:—as to friend R——, tell him, that whatever cenſure his omiſſions in writing may draw upon him—when the goodneſs of his heart—and urbanity of ſoul is flung into the other ſcale—the faulty ſcale

kicks the beam—we forgive, becauſe we love—and love ſees no faults.

Mrs. Sancho joins me in love and good-wiſhes to both of you—Kitty has been very poorly for above a month paſt—and continues but very ſo, ſo—Betſy mends faſt—Billy needs no mending at all—the reſt are well—and all join in reſpects and compliments to Nutts.

I am,

Dear Miſs C— and Co's.

Moſt obliged,

humble ſervant,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER VII.

TO MR. M——.

Sept. 16, 1778.

DEAR M——,

YOURS juſt received—and by great good luck I have found Mr. B—'s liſt which I incloſe—and God ſpeed your labours! Poor —— ſets off this evening for—to take one parting look of his ——, and on Monday ſets off freſh for—Mr. H——'s anxieties end in good luck at laſt—he alſo on Monday enters in one of the beſt houſes in the city.—On Thurſday I hope you will ſucceed in your affair—and then my three Geniuſes will be happy—I have had plague and perplexity enough with two of you.—When do you think of coming to town? In my laſt was ſome of the beſt poetry—that has—or was—aye, aye. Pray, Sir, read it over once more. Well, what do you, or can you, ſay to it? Oh, envy—

envy!—but, Mr. Monkey, the wit and true poetry of that billet muſt make amends for the ſhortneſs of it.—This is Saturday night—conſequently it muſt be eſteemed a favour that I write at all—my head aches—and, though my invention teems with brilliancies, I can only remember that I am very much

Yours,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER VIII.

TO MISS C——.

October 1, 1778.

It is recorded of ſome great perſonage—I forget who, that they had ſo pleaſing a manner in giving a refuſal—that the *Refuſed*—has left *them* with more ſatiſfaction under a rejection—than many have experienced from receiving a *favour* conferred with perhaps more kindneſs than *grace*.—So it fares with me—I had

anticipated the future happineſs of my new friends—the comforts of warmth—the pleaſures of being fed and noticed, talked to and watched by the beſt heart and fineſt face within a large latitude—but I am content—I am certain of the *inconveniency*—and my beſt thanks are due, which I pray you make with our beſt wiſhes.—I am ſorry both for O——, and my friend's ſake that the camp breaks up ſo ſoon—as to brother O——, his harveſt has, I hope, been plentiful and well got in—my friend poor S——, like moſt modeſt men of merit, is unlucky—he ſet out before I got either my friend R——'s or your letter—his beſt way is to turn about—and may good luck over-take him—detain him—fill his pockets—and ſend him in glee home again—this is more to be wiſhed than expected—if he falls in your way, I ſhall envy him—he will meet hoſpitality and the graces.—Betſy and Kitty are both invalids—Mrs. Sancho is well, and joins me in every good wiſh—next month I hope brings you all to town—bring

health and ſpirits with you.—We have no news—no trade! conſequently no money or credit.

Give Mr. R—— my thanks for his friendly letter in your kindeſt manner—and ſay all to our worthy eſteemed friend Mrs. C—— that gratitude can conceive and friendſhip dictate—in the names of all the Sancho's, and at the head place

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER IX.

TO MR. S——.

Yours juſt received Thurſday, Oct. 4, 1778.

"Whatever---is---is Right---the world, 'tis true,
"Was made for Cæſar---and for Billy too,"

POVERTY and Genius were coupled by the wiſdom of Providence for wiſe and good ends, no doubt—but

that's a myſtery.—I feel for and pity you—a pox upon pity and feelings—ſay I, they neither fill the belly, nor cloath the body—neither will they find lodging—or procure an inſide birth in a raſcally ſtage—thee and I too well know all this—but as I am at this preſent moment—thank fortune! not quite worth ten ſhillings—pity—curſed fooliſh pity—is, with as ſilly wiſhes, all I have to comfort you with.—Were I to throw out my whole thoughts upon paper, it would take a day's writing, and thou wouldſt be a fool to read it—one dawn of hope I enjoy from the old ſaw—that "gloomy beginnings are for the moſt part bleſſed with bright endings;"—may it be ſo with you, my friend!—at the worſt you can only face about—and your lodgings—and old friends will cordially receive you—for my part, I have uſe for every mite of my philoſophy—my ſtate at preſent is that of ſuſpenſe—God's will be done!

This letter will reach you by the hands of a friend indeed—the beſt and

trueſt I ever found—a man who if the the worth of his heart were written in his face—would be eſteemed by the whole race of Adam—he will greet you kindly from the benevolence of his nature—and perhaps will not diſlike you the more for the attachment which for thee is truly felt by thy ſincere friend,

I. SANCHO.

Mrs. Sancho is well—Kitty mends very ſlow—Billy improves in faucineſs—the girls are pretty good—Monſieur H—— rides uneaſily—his ſaddle galls him—his beaſt is reſty—I fear he will never proſecute long journeys upon him—he is for ſmoother roads—a pacing tit—quilted ſaddle—ſnaffle bridle with ſilken reins, and gold ſtirrups.—So mounted we all ſhould like; but I query albeit, though it might be for the eaſe of our bodies—whether it would be for the good of our ſouls! Adieu.

Should you be ſo lucky to ſee B——, the houſe of the worthy Baronet Sir C—— B——, mind I caution thee to

guard thy heart;—you will there meet with ſenſe that will charm excluſive of beauty—and beauty enough to ſubdue—even were ſenſe wanting—add to this, good-nature, and all the charities in one fair boſom.—Guard! guard thy heart!

LETTER X.

TO MR. S——.

October 15, 1778.

You want a long letter—where am I to find ſubject? my heart is ſick—with untoward events—poor Kitty is no better—the Duke of Queenſbury ill—dangerouſly I fear—the beſt friend and cuſtomer I have—.M—— is juſt now come in—nay he is at my elbow—you know I wiſh you well—and that we all are well, Kitty excepted—ſo let M—— conclude for your loving friend,

I. SANCHO.

The above you are to conſider as bread and cheeſe, M—— will give you gooſe ſtuffed with grapes *. Mr. H—— called here laſt night, and read yours:—he is worked ſweetly—what with his office late hours, and his family's odd humours—but all is for the beſt.

LETTER XI.

TO MR. R——.

October 16, 1778.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ACCEPT my thanks!—my beſt thanks for your kind readineſs—in obliging and ſerving my friend S——.—He has ſenſe, honour, and abilities—theſe we ſhould naturally ſuppoſe would inſure

* Alluding to Mr. S——'s laſt letter, wherein he had informed Mr. Sancho, that that epicurean morſel was one of the many diſhes with which he had been regaled at a place where he had lately dined.

him bread—but that is not always the caſe:—in the race of fortune, knaves often win the prize,—whilſt honeſty is diſtanced—but then, mark the end—whilſt the knave full often meets his deſerved puniſhment—Honeſty yoked with Poverty hugs Peace and Content in his boſom.—But truce with moralizing—though in ſerious truth my heart and ſpirits are low—the noble and good Duke of Queenſbury is, I fear, very dangerouſly ill: excluſive of gratitude for paſt favours, and my own intereſt in the hope of future—I grieve for the public loſs in him—a man who ennobled his titles, and made greatneſs lovely by uniting it with goodneſs:—if he dies—his gain is certain, for he has ſerved a maſter—who will not wrong him—but the world will loſe a rare example! and the poor a friend! he never knew a day's illneſs till now for fifty years paſt—his regularity of life and ſerenity of mind are in his favour—but his advanced life is againſt him—80 odd—the great fear is a mortification in his

leg—the K—g and Q—n paid him a viſit, as the prints muſt have informed you—he came to town on purpoſe to preſent himſelf at the levee—to thank them for the honour done him—he was taken ill the Sunday after their majeſties viſit—and came to town the Tueſday after—I have been or ſent daily to enquire about him—and was there about two hours ago—the faculty are pouring in the bark—and allow his grace ſtrong wines as much as he can drink.—*God's will be done!*

Mr. S——n writes in raptures of you all.—I wonder not at him—I only wiſh for the good of mankind ſuch characters as B—— houſe contains were more plenty—poor Kitty continues much the ſame—the reſt are, thank God, well. —Mrs. Sancho joins me in cordial wiſhes to ſelf and ladies. Adieu,

Yours ſincerely and gratefully,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XII.

TO MR. S——.

October 22, 1778.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVE you never beheld a buſt with double—no, not double—but with two very different profiles? one crying—and one laughing—that is juſt my ſituation at preſent—for poor de Groote—huzza!—is preſented to the Charter-houſe—by—bleſs him! the good archbiſhop of Canterbury—but by a ſtanding law—he cannot be admitted till a freſh quarter begins—and as he ſays—he may be dead by that time—we will hope not—well, this is the laughing ſide.—The Duke of Queenſbury died this morning:—Alas! "I ne'er ſhall look upon his like again!"—the cleareſt head, and moſt humane of hearts—I have in common with many-- many---a heavy

loſs—I loved the good Duke—and not without reaſon:—he is gone to reap a reward—which St. Paul could not conceive in the fleſh—and which I will be bold to ſay—they both perfectly enjoy at this moment—God of his mercy grant!—that thee and I—and all I love—yea—and all I know—may enter eternity with as promiſing hopes—and realize the happineſs—in ſtore for ſuch as the Duke of Queenſbury!

Lord Lincoln died on his paſſage—the news came laſt night—but he has left a ſon and daughter.—T—— is well—but ſtill plagued with his uncouth kinsfolk.

Adieu, Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

Kitty very poorly, the reſt all well.

LETTER XIII.

TO MR. S——,

Charles Street, Weſtm. Nov. 29, 1778.

DEAR S——,

YOURS, dated from Madraſs, came ſafe to hand—I need not tell you that your account pleaſed me—and the ſtyle of your letter indicated a mind purged from its follies—and a better habit of thinking, which I truſt happily preceded a ſteadier courſe of action—I know not whether or not Providence may not in your inſtance produce much good out of evil—I flatter myſelf you will yet recover and ſtand the firmer in your future life from the reflection (bitter as it is) of your former,—I have no doubt but you received my letter charged with the heavy loſs of your great, your noble friendly benefactreſs, and patroneſs, the good Ducheſs of Q——y; ſhe entered

into bliſs, July 17, 1777, juſt two days after you ſailed from Portſmouth.—I have now to inform you, that his Grace followed her October 21ſt this year; juſt fifteen months after his good Ducheſs—full of years and honors—he is gone to join his Ducheſs, and ſhare in the rewards of a righteous God, who alone knew their merits, and alone could reward them.

Thus it has pleaſed God to take your props to himſelf—teaching you a leſſon at the ſame time, to depend upon an honeſt exertion of your own induſtry---and humbly to truſt in the Almighty.

You may ſafely conclude now, that you have not many friends in England—be it your ſtudy, with attention, kindneſs, humility, and induſtry, to make friends where you are—induſtry with good-nature and honeſty is the road to wealth.---A wiſe œconomy—without avaricious meanneſs—or dirty rapacity will in a few years render you decently independent.

I hope you cultivate the good-will and friendſhip of L——; he is a jewel—prize him—love him—and place him next your heart—he will not flatter or fear you—ſo much the better—the fitter for your friend—he has a ſpirit of generoſity—ſuch are never ungrateful—he ſent us a token of his affection, which we ſhall never forget.—Let me counſel you for your character's ſake, and as bound in honour; the firſt money you can ſpare—to ſend over 20 *l.* to diſcharge your debt—at Mr. P——'s, the ſadler—it was borrowed money, you know.—As for me, I am wholly at your ſervice to the extent of my power—but whatever commiſſions you ſend over to me—ſend money—or I ſtir none—thou well knoweſt my poverty—but 'tis an honeſt poverty—and I need not bluſh or conceal it.—You alſo are indebted to Mr. O——, Bond ſtreet—what little things of that kind you can recollect—pay as ſoon as you are able—it will ſpunge out many evil traces of things paſt—from the hearts and heads of your enemies—

create you a better name—and pave the way for your return ſome years hence into England—with credit and reputation.—Before I conclude, let me, as your true friend, recommend ſeriouſly to you to make yourſelf acquainted with your Bible:—believe me, the more you ſtudy the word of God—your peace and happineſs will increaſe the more with it.—Fools may deride you—and wanton youth throw out their frothy gibes;—but as you are not to be a boy all your life—and I truſt would not be reckoned a fool—uſe your every endeavour to be a good man—and leave the reſt to God.—Your letters from the Cape, and one from Madeira's, I received; they were both good letters—and deſcriptions of things and places.—I wiſh to have your deſcription of the fort and town of Madraſs---country adjacent---people---manner of living—value of money—religion—laws—animals—faſhions—taſte, &c. &c.—In ſhort, write any thing---every thing—and above all, improve your mind with good reading—converſe with men of

ſenſe, rather than with fools of faſhion and riches—be humble to the rich—affable, open, and good-natured to your equals—and compaſſionately kind to the poor.—I have treated you freely in proof of my friendſhip—Mrs. S——, under the perſuaſion that you are really a good man—ſends her beſt wiſhes—when her handkerchief is waſhed, you will ſend it home—the girls wiſh to be remembered to you, and all to friend L——n.

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XIV.

TO MR. I——.

Jan. 1, 1779.

IN compliance with cuſtom—I beg leave to wiſh Mr. and Mrs. I—— happy years—many or few, as the Almighty ſhall think fit—but may they be hap-

py—as I wiſh it ſincerely, their obligation is of courſe the greater---and to oblige them yet more—I will put it in their power to oblige me---which they can do by lending me the volume of Annual Regiſters (I think it is that of 1774), which has Goldſmith's Retaliation in it.—I hope Mr. and Mrs. I— have no complaints—but the general one, extreme coldneſs of the weather—which, though happily exempted themſelves from much ſuffering, by good fires and good cheer, yet I am ſure their ſympathizing hearts feel for the poor.—I find upon enquiring, that ten o'clock in the morning will beſt ſuit Mr. L——; I will be in Privy Gardens juſt five minutes before Mr. and Mrs. I—— and Mr. Mortimer—I hope Mrs. I—— will not pretend to repent—Sunday is a lazy morning. If Mrs. I—— has not read Ganganelli, it is time ſhe ſhould. I therefore take the liberty to ſend them—*them*, Mr. I— will ſay, is bad grammar—he is, madam, a good-natured critic—I addreſs myſelf to you therefore, becauſe my heart tells me—you will be

a ſucceſsful advocate for the blunders of a true Blackamoor.—I have had the confidence to mark the paſſages that pleaſed me moſt in my poſt-haſte journey through the good Pontiff's letters—and I ſhall be vain, if Mrs. I—— ſhould like the ſame paſſages—becauſe it would give a ſanction to the profound judgement of her moſt obedient ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

Note, The ſixteenth letter, 1ſt verſe, is a kind of ſtuff which would almoſt turn me to the Romiſh—there is every thing in it which St. Paul had in his heart.

LETTER XV.

TO J.—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, Jan. 1779.

" Beyond the fix'd and ſettled rules
" Of Vice—and Virtue in the ſchools,
" Beyond the letter of the Law,
" Which keeps mere formaliſts in awe,
" The better ſort do ſet before 'em
" A Grace—a manner—a decorum;
" Something that gives their acts a light;
" Makes 'em not only juſt—but bright,
" And ſets 'em in ſuch open fame,
" Which covers—*quality*—with ſhame."

JUDICIOUSLY elegant Prior has befriended me—and deſcribed my honoured friend Mr. S——. I wiſh I knew which way to ſhew my gratitude—the only method I can think of—is to enjoy the benefits with a thankful heart—and leave God in his own good time to reward you.

I ſhould laſt night have gratefully acknowledged the receipt of your letter and

note—but I hoped for a frank—I am diſappointed, and a longer delay would be unpardonable.—Be aſſured, dear Sir, I ſhall (with all the alacrity of a heavy man) beſtir myſelf in the execution of your generous order.—I hope Mrs. S—— and every one of your family—enjoy health and every good—Mrs. Sancho joins me in reſpects and thanks to Mrs. S—— and yourſelf.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your very obliged

and faithful ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XVI.

TO MR. F——.

Jan. 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE juſt received your favour of the 20th inſtant. As to the letters in queſtion; you know, Sir, they are not now

mine, but the property of the parties they are addreſſed to.—If you have had their permiſſion—and think that the ſimple effuſions of a poor Negro's heart are worth mixing with better things—you have my free conſent to do as you pleaſe with them—though in truth there wants no increaſe of books in the epiſtolary way, nor indeed in any way—except we could add to the truly valuable names of Robertſon—Beattie—and Mickle—new Youngs —— Richardſons —— and Sternes.—Accept my beſt thanks for the very kind opinion you are ſo obliging to entertain of me—which is too pleaſing (I fear) to add much to the humility of,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

J. SANCHO.

LETTER XVII.

TO MRS. I——.

Charles Street, Jan. 31, 1779.

DEAR MADAM,

My wife wiſhes to ſee Cymon—and my wiſhes (like a civil huſband) perfectly correſpond with hers—I had rather be obliged to you—than any good friend I have;—for I think you have an alacrity in doing good-natured offices—and ſo I would tell the Q—n—if ſhe dared diſpute it:—you are not ſo great indeed—but I am ſure you are as good—and I believe her to be as rich in goodneſs as ſhe is high in rank—if my requeſt is within the limits of your power, you will favour us with the order ſoon in the day.— I have looked abroad for the wonder you wiſhed to be

procured for you—but have met with nothing likely hitherto.

Yours moſt gratefully,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XVIII.

TO MRS. H———.

Charles Street, Feb. 9, 1779.

DEAR MADAM,

I FELICITATE you in the firſt place—on the pleaſing ſucceſs of your maternal care—in reſtoring your worthy ſon to good health—he looks now—as well—freſh—and hearty—as love and friendſhip can wiſh him.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in hearty thanks—for your kind attention to our well-doing—and your goodneſs in the very friendly order—which I have endeavoured to execute with attention and honeſty.—As to news,

there is none good ſtirring—trade is very dull—money ſcarce beyond conception—fraud! perfidy! villiany! from the higheſt departments to the loweſt—the K—g, God bleſs him, is beſet with friends—which he ought to fear.—I believe he has—one true friend only—and that is the Q—n, who is the ornament and honour of her ſex.—Pray, dear Madam, make my beſt reſpects to your good ſon and daughter, Mr. J——, and all I have the honour to know; our beſt beſt thanks and wiſhes attend Mr. H—— and yourſelf, and believe me

Yours, &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XIX.

TO MR. G——,

Feb. 1779.

SIR,

THE very handſome manner in which you have apologized for your late lapſe of behaviour does you credit.—Contrition—the child of conviction—ſerves to prove the goodneſs of your heart—the man of levity often errs—but it is the man of ſenſe alone who can gracefully acknowledge it.—I accept your apology—and if in the manly heat of wordy conteſt aught eſcaped my lips tinged with undue aſperity—I aſk your pardon—and hope you will mutually exchange forgiveneſs with

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XX.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

March 9, 1779.

IT has given me much concern, dear Sir, the not having it in my power to make my grateful acknowledgements ſooner, for your very kind letter and friendly preſent which accompanied it.---My firſt thanks are due to heaven---who for the example, as well as ſervice, of mortals, now and then bleſſes the world with a humane, generous Being.—My next thanks are juſtly paid to you---who are pleaſed to rank me and mine in the honoured claſs of thoſe you wiſh to ſerve:—for theſe ſix paſt weeks, our days have been clouded by the ſevere illneſs of a child---whom it has pleaſed God to take from us: and a cowardly attack of the gout at a time when every exertion was needful---I have as yet but very little uſe of my hand---but I am

thankful to have ſufficient to exculpate me from the vice of ingratitude---which my long ſilence might lay me under the imputation of.—Mrs. Sancho begs me to expreſs her ſenſe of your kindneſs---and joins me cordially in the moſt reſpectful ſenſations and beſt wiſhes to Mrs. S---- and yourſelf. I am, dear Sir,

(and with very great reaſon)

Your much obliged

humble ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XXI.

TO MR. S——.

March 11, 1779.

DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours about three hours ſince—I give you due credit for your ſympathizing feelings on our recent very diſtreſsful ſituation—for thirty nights

(ſave two) Mrs. Sancho had no cloaths off—but you know the woman. Nature never formed a tenderer heart—take her for all in all—the mother—wife—friend—ſhe does credit to her ſex—ſhe has the rare felicity of poſſeſſing true virtue without arrogance—ſoftneſs without weakneſs—and dignity without pride—ſhe is ——'s full ſiſter without his foibles—and to my inexpreſſible happineſs, ſhe is my wife—and truly beſt part—without a ſingle tinge of my defects.—Poor Kitty! happy Kitty I ſhould ſay, drew her rich prize early—wiſh her joy! and joy to Mortimer! he left life's table (before he was cloyed or ſurfeited with dull ſickly repetitions)—in prime of years—in the meridian of character as an artiſt—and univerſally eſteemed as a man—he winged his rapid flight to thoſe celeſtial manſions—where Pope—Hogarth—Handel—Chatham—and Garrick, are enjoying the full ſweets of beatific viſion—with the great Artiſts—Worthies—and Poets of time without date.—Your father has been exceeding kind—this very

day as Mr. W——, of Retford, called on me—a goodly looking gentleman: he enquired after you with the anxious curioſity of a friend—told me your father was well—and by his account—thinks by much too well of me;—friend H—— ſhall produce the things you wot of—and brother O—— bring them in his hand;—H—— is a very ſilly fellow—he likes ſilly folks—and, I believe, does not hate Sancho.—To-morrow night I ſhall have a few friends to meet brother O——, we intend to be merry—were you here, you might add to a number, which I think too many for our little room.—So I hear that the —— No, hang me! if I ſay a word about it—well, and how do you like the company of Monſieur Le Gout? ſhall I, in compliance with vulgar cuſtom, wiſh you joy? Pox on it, my hand aches ſo, I can ſcrawl no longer.—Mrs. Sancho is but ſo, ſo—the children are well—do write large and intelligible when you write to me, I hate fine hands and fine

language—write plain honeſt nonſenſe, like thy true friend,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XXII.

TO MR. W——E.

Charles Street, March 31, 1779.

You wiſh me to write a conſolatory letter to Mrs. W——e,—my good friend.—What can I poſſibly write—but your good ſenſe muſt have anticipated? the ſoul-endearing ſoothings of cordial love have the beſt and ſtrongeſt effects upon the grief-torn mind:—you have of courſe—told her that thanks are due—greatly ſo!—to a merciful God—who might have bereaved her of a child—inſtead of a worthy couſin—or that ſhe ought to feel comfort—and to acknowledge divine mercy—that it was not her huſband:—that to lament the death of that amiable girl—is falſe ſorrow in the extreme:—why lament the great bliſs and *choice prize* of what we love?—

what is it ſhe has not gained by an early death?—You will ſay—ſhe was good—and will ſuppoſe that in the tender connexions of wife—friend—and mother—ſhe would have been an honoured and eſteemed example.—True—ſhe might—and it is as true—ſhe might have been unhappily paired—ill-matched to ſome moroſe, ill-minded, uneven baſhaw—ſhe might have fell from affluence to want—from honour to infamy—from innocence to guilt:—in ſhort, we miſtake too commonly the objects of our grief—the living demand our tears—the dead (if their lives were virtuous) our gratulations;—in your caſe all that can be ſaid is—earth has loſt an opening ſweet flower (which had it laſted longer, muſt of courſe ſoon fade)—and heaven has gained an angel—which will bloom for ever.—So let us hear no more of grief—we all muſt follow:—no! let us rejoice! with your worthy friend Mrs. ——*, joy to the

* This union was remarkable for diſparity of years; the bridegroom being 78, the bride in the bloom of youth.

good couple! may they each find their reſpective wiſhes! may he find the grateful acknowledgement of obliged and pleaſing duty!—and ſhe, the ſubſtantial—fond—ſolid rewards—due to arectitude of conduct—marked ſtrongly with kindneſs and wiſdom! and may you, my friend!—but my leg aches—my foot ſwells—I can only ſay, my love to the C—ds, and to poor Joe and Frank.—Read this to Mrs. W——e. My ſilly reaſoning may be too weak to reach her;—but, however, ſhe may ſmile at my abſurdities—if ſo—I ſhall have a comfort—as I ever wiſh to give pleaſure to her dear ſex—and the pride of my heart is ever to pleaſe one—alas!—and that one a—wife.—So writes thy true friend,

I. SANCHO.

Mr. W——e comes as far as P——Gardens—but cannot reach Charles Street.

How's that?

I hear my ſcheme of taxation was inſerted directly, and ſhould be glad to ſee the paper if eaſily got.

Vanity.

LETTER XXIII,

TO MR. L——.

May 4, 1779.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I AM truly ſorry to addreſs this letter to you at this ſeaſon in the Engliſh channel—the time conſidered that you have left us, you ought in all good reaſon to have been a ſeaſoned Creole of St. Kitt's;—but we muſt have patience—what cannot be cured—muſt be endured.—I dare believe you bear the cruel delay with reſignation—and make the beſt and trueſt uſe of your time—by ſteady reflection and writing.—I would wiſh you to note down the occurrences of every day—to which add your own obſervation of men and things—the more you habituate yourſelf to minute inveſtigation, the ſtronger you will make your mind—ever taking along with you in

all your reſearches the word of God—and the operations of his divine providence.—Remember, young man—nothing happens by chance.—Let not the levity of frothy wit—nor the abſurdity of fools break in upon your happier principles—your dependence upon the Deity—addreſs the Almighty with fervor—with love and ſimplicity—carry his laws in your heart—and command both worlds;—but I meant mere fatherly advice, and I have wrote a ſermon.—Dear boy, 'tis my love preaches; N—— begged me to write a line for him, as he ſaid you wanted news.—I have none but what you know as well as myſelf—ſuch as the regard and beſt wiſhes of Mrs. Sancho—the girls and myſelf—ſuch as wiſhing a happy end to your long-protracted voyage—and a joyful meeting with your worthy and reſpectable family;—and in order to leave room for friend N——, I here aſſure you I am your affectionate friend,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MR. R——.

May 1779.

MY DEAR WORTHY R——,

YOUR letter was a real gratification to a ſomething better principle than pride—it pleaſed my ſelf-love—there are very few (believe me) whoſe regards—or notice I care about—yourſelf—brother—and O——, with about three more at moſt—form the whole of my *male* friendly connexions.—Your brother is not half ſo honeſt as I thought him—he promiſes like a tradeſman, but performs like a lord.—On Sunday evening we expected him—the hearth was ſwept—the kettle boiled—the girls were in print—and the marks of the folds in Mrs. Sancho's apron ſtill viſible—the clock paſt ſix—no Mr. R——. Now to tell the whole truth, he did add a kind of clauſe, that in caſe nothing material hap-

pened of hoſpital buſineſs, he would ſurely do himſelf the &c. &c. &c.—So upon the whole, I am not quite clear that he deſerves cenſure—but that he diſappointed us of a pleaſure I am very certain of.—You don't ſay, you have ſeen Mr. P——. I beg you will, for I think he is the kind of ſoul congenial to your own.—Apropos the right hand ſide (almoſt the bottom of Gray Street), there is a Mrs. H——, an honeſt and very agreeable northern lady, whom I ſhould like you to know ſomething of—which may eaſily be done—if you will do me the credit juſt to knock at her door when you go that way—and tell her, there is a Devil that has not forgot her civilities to him—and would be glad to hear ſhe was well and happy.—Mr. R—— called on me in the friendly ſtyle—when I ſay that, I mean in the R—— manner—he aſked a queſtion—bought ſome tea—looked happy—and left us pleaſed:—he has the graces.—The gout ſeized me yeſterday morning—the ſecond attempt—I looked rather black all day:—tell Mrs.

C——, I will lay any odds that ſhe is either the handſomeſt or uglieſt woman in Bath—and among the many trinkets ſhe means to bring with her—tell her not to forget health.—May you all be inriched with that bleſſing—wanting which, the good things of this world are traſh.—You can write tireſome letters! Alas! will you yield upon the receipt of this?—if not—that palm unqueſtionably belongs to your friend,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XXV.

TO I—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, June 16, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

IN truth I was never more puzzled in my life than at this very preſent writing—the acts of common kindneſs, or the effuſions of mere common good-will,

I ſhould know what to reply to—but, by my conſcience, you act upon ſo grand a ſcale of urbanity—that a man ſhould poſſeſs a mind as noble and a heart as ample as yourſelf! before he attempts even to be grateful upon paper.—You have made me richer than ever I was in my life—till this day I thought a bottle of good wine a large poſſeſſion. Sir, I will enjoy your goodneſs with a glad heart—and every deſerving ſoul I meet with ſhall ſhare a glaſs with me, and join in drinking the generous donor's health. Mrs. Sancho's eyes betray her feelings—ſhe bids me thank you for her—which I do moſt ſincerely, and for myſelf,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MRS. H——.

June 17, 1779.

DEAR MADAM,

Your ſon, who is a welcome viſitor wherever he comes, made himſelf more welcome to me—by the kind proof of your regard he brought in his hands. —Souls like yours, who delight in giving pleaſure, enjoy a heaven on earth; for I am convinced, that the diſpoſition of the mind in a great meaſure forms either the heaven or hell in both worlds.—I rejoice ſincerely at the happineſs of Mrs. W——, and may their happineſs increaſe with family and trade—and may you both enjoy the heartfelt delight of ſeeing your children's children walking in the track of grace!—I have, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, intended writing to you for theſe twelve months paſt—but in truth I was deterred through a fear of giving pain:—our hiſtory has had little in it but cares and anxieties—which (as it is the well-expe-

rienced lot of mortality) we ſtruggle with it, with religion on one hand, and hope on the other.

Mr. W——, whoſe looks and addreſs beſpeak a good heart and good ſenſe, called on me.—I will not ſay how much I was pleaſed—pray make my kindeſt reſpects to your good partner, and tell him, I think I have a right to trouble him with my muſical nonſenſe.—I wiſh it better for my own ſake—bad as it is, I know he will not deſpiſe it, becauſe he has more good-nature:—I hear a good report of Mr. S——, and that his humanity has received the thanks of a community in a public manner.—May he! and you! and all I love, enjoy the bliſsful feelings of large humanity!—There is a plaudit—as much ſuperior to man's as heaven is above earth! Great God, in thy mercy and unbounded goodneſs, grant that even I may rejoice through eternity with thoſe I have reſpected and eſteemed here!—Mrs. Sancho joins me in love to yourſelf and Mr. H——. Your ſon Jacob is the delight of my girls—

—I honor you for humane feelings—and much more for your brotherly affection;—but do not Namby-Pamby with the manly exertions of benevolence—what I mean is—ah me! poor George—to be ſure 'tis well its no worſe—but then the loſs of a tooth and a ſcar are ſo disfiguring.—Pooh, ſimpleton, if his heart is right, and God bleſſes him with health—his exterior will ever be pleaſing in ſpight of the gap in his gums—or ſcar above his chin;—G—— is likely—the rogue has a pleaſing, cheery phiz—neither ſo old—nor ſo mouldy as ſome folks, not having been rocked in the cradle of flattery—he has conſequently more modeſty than his elders.—I could eaſily fill the ſheet in contraſting the merits of the two lads—but then it would (I plainly foreſee) turn out ſo much to the diſadvantage of Prince Jacky—that in mere charity I forbear—and ſhall conclude with wiſhing both your heads to agree, as well in good health—as in the many good qualities which I have not time to enumerate.

Mrs. Sancho is pretty well—the girls and Billy well—I am ſometimes better—ſometimes ſo, ſo.—I ſhould have anſwered you ſooner—but yeſterday was obliged to write all day—though faſt aſleep the whole time—perhaps you will retort—that it is the caſe with me at this preſent writing—falſe and ſcandalous.—I declare I was never more awake—remember me to Mr. S——, the ladies, and to thyſelf, if thou knoweſt him.

Farewell. Thine, &c. &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MR. I——.

August 3, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I MUCH wiſh to hear that Mrs. I—— is quite recovered—or in the beſt poſſible way towards it.—I have next to thank

you for your princely preſent—and to ſay I feel myſelf rich and happy in the ſplendid proofs I have of your regard.

You love a pun almoſt as well as Dennis.—I ſhall contrive to be in your debt as long as I live—and ſettle accounts hereafter—where I know no more than the pope;—but if you, Sterne, and Mortimer, are there, ſure I am, it will be the abode of the bleſt.—But to buſineſs—I am commiſſioned to get as good an impreſſion as poſſible of St. Paul preaching to the Britons—ſhall eſteem it a freſh obligation, if you will be kind enough to chuſe one, and ſend by the bearer.—I return faith for pudding—and Mr. Sharpe's ſtrictures upon Slavery—the one may amuſe, if not edify—the other I think of conſequence to every one of humane feelings.—Do pray let me know how Mrs. I—— does—with thanks, reſpects; and why not friendſhip?

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XXX.

TO MR. M——.

August 14, 1779.

You kindly gave me liberty to bring Mr. S——: the propoſal did honor to your heart—and credit to your judgement;—but an affair has rendered that part of your invitation inadmiſſible—now pox take bad quills—and bad pen-makers.—Sir, it was fifty pound to a bean-ſhell, but that you had had a blot as big as both houſes of parliament in the very faireſt, yea, and handſomeſt part of this epiſtle—my pen, like a drunkard, ſucks up more liquor than it can carry, and ſo of courſe diſgorges it at random.—I will that ye obſerve the above ſimile to be a good one—not the cleanlieſt in nature I own—but as pat to the purpoſe as dram-drinking to a bawd—or oaths to a ſerjeant of the guards—or—or—dull-

neſs to a Black-a-moor—good—exceſſive good:—and pray what?—(oh! this confounded pen) what may your Worſhip's chief employ have been?—you have had your Devils dance—found yourſelf in a lazy fit—the inkſtand, &c. ſtaring you full in the face—you yawned—ſtretched—and then condeſcended to ſcold me for omitting what properly—and according to ſtrict rule—you ſhould have done yourſelf a month ago.—Zounds!—God forgive us!—this thought overſets the patience—coat and lining—of your right truſty friend,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER XXXI.

TO MR. M——.

Auguſt 20, 1779.

IN all doubtful caſes—it is beſt to adhere to the ſide of leaſt difficulty.—Now whether you ought to have ſhewn

the *politeſſes* of the *Ton* in making enquiry after my Honor's health—and travels—or whether my Honor ſhould have anticipated all enquiry—by ſending a card of thanks for more than friendly civilities—is a very nice point, which, for my part, I willingly leave to better caſuiſts;—and as I honeſtly feel myſelf the obliged party—ſo I put pen to paper as a teſtimonial of the ſame.—I will ſuppoſe your head improved—I mean phyſically; I will alſo hope your heart light—and all your combuſtible paſſions under due ſubordination—and then adding the fineneſs of the morning—from theſe premiſes I will believe that my good friend is well and happy.

I hope George effected his wiſh in town, if he has to do with people of feeling—there is a ſomething in his face which will command attention and love—the boy is much handſomer than ever you were; and yet you never look better than when you look on him—would to God you were as well ſettled!

The ſtage contained five good ſouls, and one huge maſs of fleſh *:—they, God bleſs them, thought I took up too much room—and I thought there was too little—we looked at each other, like folks diſſatisfied with their company—and ſo jolted on in ſullen ſilence for the firſt half hour;—and had there been no ladies, the God or Goddeſs of ſilence would have reigned the whole way:—for my part, quoth I to myſelf, I have enjoyed true pleaſure all day—the morning was bright, refreſhing, and pleaſant, the delicious bowl of milk, the freſh butter, ſweet bread, cool room, and kind hoſteſs—the friendly converſe, the walk—the animated flow of ſoul in I—M—the little, but elegant, treat high-ſeaſoned with welcome.—Oh! Sancho, what more could luxury covet, or ambition wiſh for? True, cries Reaſon—then be thankful:—Hold! cries Avarice, with ſquinting eyes and rotten ſtumps of teeth—hungry, though ever cramming—it coſt thee one

* Mr. Sancho was remarkable for corpulency.

ſhilling and nine pence, one ſhilling and nine pence I ſay.—What of that, cries Œconomy, we eat fairly half a crown's worth.—Aye, cries Prudence, that alters the caſe—od-ſo, we are nine pence in pocket, beſides the benefit of freſh air, freſh ſcenes, and the pleaſures of the ſociety we love.—The ſky was cloudleſs, and, to do me a particular favour, the moon choſe to be at full—and gave us all her ſplendor;—but our envious Mother Earth (to mortify our vanity) roſe up—rolling the whole way in clouds of duſt.—Contention flew in at the coach-windows, and took poſſeſſion of both the females:—"Madam, if you perſiſt in drawing up the glaſs, we ſhall faint with heat."—"Oh dear! very ſorry to offend your delicacy; but I ſhall be ſuffocated with duſt—and my cloaths.—" "I have cloaths to ſpoil as well as other folks, &c. &c. &c."—The males behaved wiſely, and kept a ſtricter neutrality than the French with the Americans.—I chewed the cud of ſweet remembrance, and with a heart and mind in pretty

eaſy plight, gained the caſtle of peace and innocence about nine o'clock.—Well, Sir, and how do you find yourſelf by this time?—I ſweat, I proteſt—and then the bright God of day darts his bleſſings full upon my ſhop-window—ſo intenſely, that I could fancy myſelf St. Bartholomew broiling upon a gridiron.

Oh! thou varlet—down—down upon thy knees, and bleſs thy indulgent ſtars for the bleſſings—comforts—beauties, &c.—of thy ſituation, the Land of Canaan in poſſeſſion—milk and honey—ſhady trees—ſweet walks covered with the velvet of nature—pleaſant views—cool houſe—and the ſuperintendency of the ſweet girls—to whom my love and bleſſings—and ſirrah!—mark what I ſay, and obey me without reply:—there is a plump good-natured looking ſoul—I think you called her Patty—my conſcience tells me, that I owe her ſomething more than kind words and cool thanks;—therefore tell her, a man that notes particularly the welcome of the eye—and ſaw plainly good-will and good-

nature in the expreſſion of her honeſt countenance—ſends her a diſh of tea—which ſhe muſt ſweeten by her cheery acceptance of it—from one who knows not how to return the many, many obligations he has received from the he's and ſhe's of P—— houſe—excluſive of what he owes—and ſhall be content ever to owe—the ſaucy rogue he addreſſes.

Farewell. Yours, &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MRS. C——.

Charles Street, Aug. 25, 1779.

MA CHERE AMIE,

IN the viſions of the night—behold I fancied that Mrs. Sancho was in Suffolk—that ſhe ſaw ſtrange places—ſine

ſights—and good people—that ſhe was at B—— amongſt thoſe I love and honor—that ſhe was charmed, and enraptured with ſome certain good folks who ſhall be nameleſs—that ſhe was treated, careſſed, and well pleaſed—that ſhe came home full of feaſts—kindneſs—and camps—and in the concluſion dunned me for a whole month to return ſome certain people thanks—for what?—why, for doing as they ever do—contrive to make time and place agreeable—truly agreeable to thoſe who are ſo lucky to fall in their way:—in truth, ſo much has been ſaid, and deſcription has run ſo high—that now I am awake—I long for juſt ſuch a week's pleaſure—but time and chance are againſt me.—I awake to fears of invaſion, to noiſe, faction, drums, ſoldiers, and care:—the whole town has now but two employments—the learning of French—and the exerciſe of arms—which is highly political—in my poor opinion—for ſhould the military fail of ſucceſs—which is not impoſſible—why, the ladies muſt take the field, and ſcold

them to their ſhips again.—The wits here ſay our fleet is outlawed—others have advertiſed it—the republicans teem with abuſe, and the K—g's friends are obſerved to have long faces—every body looks wiſer than common—the cheating ſhop-counter is deſerted, for the goſſiping door-threſhold—and every half hour has its freſh ſwarm of lies.—What's to become of us? We are ruined and ſold, is the exclamation of every mouth—the monied man trembles for the funds—the landholder for his acres—the married men for their families—old maids—alas! and old fuſty batchelors—for themſelves—for my part I can be no poorer—I have no quarrel to the Roniſh religion—and ſo that you come to town in health and ſpirits, and occupy the old ſpot—ſo that the camp at Caveniam breaks not up to the prejudice of Johnny O——, and my worthy R—— is continued clerk at ——: in ſhort, let thoſe I love be uninjured in their fortunes, and unhurt in their perſons.—God's will be done! I reſt perfectly ſa-

tisfied, and very ſincerely and cordially,

Dear Madam, Yours,

and my ſweet little Miſs C—'s,

moſt obedient

and obliged ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

I ſhould have ſaid a deal about thanks and your kindneſs—but I am not at all clear it would pleaſe you.—Mrs. Sancho certainly joins me in every good wiſh—the girls are well—and William thrives—our beſt reſpects attend Mr. B—— and his good Lady—Mr. and Mrs. S——. Adieu!

Pray make Mr. William Sancho's and my compliments acceptable to Nutts.—We hope he is well, and enjoys this fine weather unplagued by flies, and unbitten by fleas.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO MR. S——.

August 31, 1779.

You have made ample amends for your ſtoical ſilnce—inſomuch that like Balaam—I am conſtrained to bleſs—where peradventure I intended the reverſe.—For hadſt thou taken the wings of the morning—and ſearched North, Eaſt, South, and Weſt—or dived down into the ſea, exploring the treaſures of old Ocean—thou could'ſt neither in art or nature have found aught that could have made me happier—gift-wiſe—than the ſweet and highly finiſhed portrait of my dear Sterne;—but how you found it—caught it—or came by it—heaven and you know beſt!—I do fear it is not thy own manufacturing.—Perhaps thou haſt gratified thy finer feelings at an expence—which friendſhip would bluſh for.—"But what have you to do with

that?" True—it may appear impertinent; but could aught add to the value of the affair—it would be—its having you—for its father;—but I muſt haſten to a concluſion.—I meant this—not as an epiſtle of cold thanks—but the warm ebullitions of African ſenſibility.—Your gift would add to the pride of Cæſar—were he living, and knew the merits of its original—it has half turned the head of a Sancho—as this ſcrawl will certify. Adieu! The hen and chicks deſire to be remembered to you—as I do—to all!—all!—all!

I. S.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MR. I——.

Sept. 2, 1779.

In truth I know myſelf to be a very troubleſome fellow—but as it is the general fate of good-nature to ſuffer through the folly they countenance—I

ſhall not either pity or apologize.—I have to beg you juſt to examine my friend Laggarit's petition:—Mr. P—— does not ſeem to approve of it—but is for expunging almoſt the beſt half.—My friend has tried to get the great E—B—'s opinion—but has met with a negative—he being too buſy to regard the diſtreſſes of the lowly and unrecommended:—for my part, I have as much faith in Mr. I——'s judgement as in ——, and a much higher opinion of his good-will;—and as Mr. P—— may be partly hurried away by leaning rather too much to republican modes—I dare ſay, if he finds that your opinion coincides with the ſenſe of the petition as it now ſtands, he will not be offended at its being preſented without his mutilations.—Mr. Laggarit is fearful of offending any way—and has every proper ſenſe of Mr. P——'s zeal, and good-will.—I dare ſay it will ſtrike you as it does me—that in the petitionary ſtyle every term of reſpect is neceſſary; and although ſome of the titles are rather profane, and others farcical—yet cuſtom

authorizes the uſe, and it is a folly to withſtand it.

Yours to command,

I. SANCHO.

I hope Mrs. I—— is well as you would wiſh her.

LETTER XXXV.

TO MR. S——.

Charles Street, Sept. 2, 1779.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You can hardly imagine how impatient I was to hear how they behaved to you at B—h. I muſt confeſs you give a rare account of your travels. I am pleaſed much with all the affair, excepting the cellar buſineſs—which I fear you repented rather longer than I could wiſh.—I had a letter from my honeſt L——n, who takes pride to himſelf in the honor you did him, and ſays

Mr. S—— pleaſes himſelf in the hope of catching you on your return—when they flatter themſelves the pictures will merit a ſecond review:—but beware of the cellar!—I hope you are as well known at Scarborough as the Wells, and find more employment than you want, and that you get into friendly chatty parties for the evenings;—if I might obtrude my ſilly advice—it ſhould be to diſſipate a little with the girls—but for God's ſake beware of ſentimental ladies! and likewiſe be on thy guard againſt the gambling Dames, who have their nightly petite parties at quadrille—and, with their ſhining faces and ſmooth tongues, drain unwary young men's pockets, and feminize their manners.—But, why do I preach to thee, who art abler to inſtruct grey hairs—than I am to duſt my ſhop?—Vanity! which has gulled mighty ſtateſmen, miſled poor me, and for the ſake of appearing wiſer than I am—I pray you—"ſet me down an aſs!" I encloſed a petulant billet to your Reverend Sire—which I hope he did not ſend you.—

There is no news worth talking about in town, excepting that it rains frequently, and people of obſervation perceive that the days are ſhorter.—Mrs. Sancho and children all well—and I dare ſwear—wiſh you ſo—in which they are heartily ſeconded by

Yours ſincerely,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

How ſhall I know whether you get this ſcrawl, except you ſend me word?

LETTER XXXVI.

TO MR. M———.

Sept. 4, 1779.

THE *Lamb* * juſt now kindly delivered to the *Bear* † the *Monkey's* § letter.—I am glad at heart that the forced exerciſe did thy hip no hurt—but that

* Mr. M——'s Siſter. † Meaning himſelf.
§ Mr. M—, to whom he often gave that title.

M— of thine—I do not like ſuch faces—if ſhe is half what ſhe looks, ſhe is too good for any place but heaven—where the hallelujahs are for ever chanting by ſuch cherub-faced ſluts as ſhe—thank God! ſhe is neither daughter nor ſiſter of mine—I ſhould live in perpetual fear.—But why do I plague myſelf about her? ſhe has a protector in you—and foul befall the being (for no man would attempt it) that wiſhes to injure her!—Mrs. D——— I could like ſo well—that I wiſh to know but very little of her;—ſtrange, but true—and when you have been diſappointed in your ſchemes of domeſtic happineſs—and deceived in your too haſty-formed judgements to the age of fifty, as oft as your friend, you will fully enter into my meaning.

She looks open—honeſt—intelligently ſenſible—good-natured—eaſy—polite and kind—knowledge enough of the world to render her company deſireable—and age juſt ſufficient to form her opinions, and fix her principles;—add to all this an agreeable face, good teeth,

and a certain *Je ne ſai quoi* (forgive the ſpelling, and do not betray me);—but I ſay again, and again—when one has formed a great opinion of either male or female—'tis beſt for that opinion's ſake—to look no further—there, rogue!

I ſhall take no notice of the tricking fraudulent behaviour of the driver of the ſtage—*as how* he wanted to palm a bad ſhilling upon us—and *as how* they ſtopped us in the town, and moſt generouſly inſulted us—and *as how* they took up—a fat old man—his wife *fat* too—and child—and after keeping us half an hour in ſweet converſe of the—of the *blaſting* kind—how that the fat woman waxed wrath with her plump maſter, for his being ſerene—and how that he caught choler at her friction, tongue-wiſe—how he ventured his head out of the coach-door, and ſwore liberally—whilſt his —— in direct line with poor S——n's noſe—entertained him with *ſound* and ſweeteſt of exhalations.—I ſhall ſay nothing of being two hours almoſt on our journey—neither do I re-

mark that S——n turned ſick before we left G——, nor that the child p— upon his legs:—in ſhort it was near nine before we got into Charles Street.

Sir, the pleaſures of the day made us more than amends—for the nonſenſe that followed.—Receipt in full.

I. SANCHO.

My beſt reſpects to Mr. Y——; and my love, yea, cordial love to Nancy—tell her—no—if I live to ſee her again—I will tell her myſelf.

Obſerve, we were ſeven in the coach—the breath of the old lady, in her heat of paſſion, was not roſe-ſcented;— add to that, the warmth naturally ariſing from croud—and anger—you will not wonder at S—t—'s being ſick.—And he S—— wanted to be in town rather ſooner.—My compliments to George.—Mr. L—— is ſo kind to promiſe to call for this ſcrawl—thank him for me, as well as for thyſelf.—Adieu.—Mrs. S—— pretty well, the two Fanny's and Kitty but indifferent.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO MRS. W——E.

Charles Street, Sept. 5, 1779.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR wonder will be equal to your indignation—when—(after due apologies for the liberty of this addreſs—and a few good-natured proteſtations of friendſhip and ſo forth—with an injunction to ſtrict ſecreſy) I inform you that it is abſolutely neceſſary for your immediate ſetting out for Red-lion Court.—Your good man—is only running after all the young gypſies about the neighbourhood—all colours—black or fair—are alike—this is the effect of country air—and your nurſing;—the good man made his appearance on Thurſday evening laſt—the glow of health in his face—joy in his eyes.—"Wife, Joe, and little Frank all well, and myſelf never

better in my life;"—a pretty girl he led by the hand—and as if one petticoat plague was not enough—he inſiſted upon taking away two of mine—and carried his point againſt every reaſonable odds:—away they all went to the play—and God only knows where elſe—I threatened' him with a modeſt report to Melchbourn, but he ſeemed to care very lightly about it:—ſo I humbly adviſe, as your beſt method of taming him, either to inſiſt upon his ſpeedily coming down to you—or elſe your immediate ſetting out for home:—at preſent he only attempts our daughters—but ſhould you be abſent a month longer, I tremble for our wives;—for my part, I have ſome reaſon, for here both wife and daughters are as fond of Mr. W——e as they dare own.—Serioufly, I think, you ſhould coax him down, if only for a fortnight;—for it is amazing how much better he is for the ſhort time he was abſent—and this I take to be the pleaſanteſt and wholeſomeſt time for the country:—if the evening dews are carefully guarded againſt—

I ſhall adviſe him ſtrongly to take the other trip—and I truſt your documents with the innocent ſimplicity of all around him—fine air—exerciſe—new milk—and the ſmell of new hay—will make him ten thouſand times worſe than he is—you won't like him the worſe for that. My love attends couſins I—— and F——,

I am, dear Madam,

moſt ſincerely yours to command,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Mrs. Sancho joins me in every thing but the abuſe of Mr. W——e.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MR. B———.

Sept. 7, 1779.

DEAR FRIEND,

WE are all in the wrong—a *little*.—Admiral Barrington is arrived from the Weſt-India ſtation—and brings the pleaſant news—that d'Eſtaigne fell in with five of our ſhips of the line—with the beſt part of his fleet. We fought like Engliſhmen—unſupported by the reſt:—they fought till they were quite diſmaſted—and almoſt wrecked;—and at laſt gave the French enough of it—and got away all, though in plight—bad enough:—but the conſequence was, the immediate capture of the Grenadas.—Add to this—Sir Charles Hardy is put into Portſmouth, or Goſport;—and although forty odd ſtrong in line of battle ſhips—is obliged to give up the ſove-

reignty of the channel to the enemy.—L.—d S——h is gone to Portſmouth, to be a witneſs of England's diſgrace—and his own ſhame.—In faith, my friend, the preſent time is rather *comique*.—Ireland almoſt in as true a ſtate of rebellion as America.—Admirals quarrelling in the Weſt-Indies—and at home admirals that do not chuſe to fight.—The Britiſh empire mouldering away in the Weſt—annihilated in the North—Gibraltar going—and England faſt aſleep.—What ſays Mr. B—— to all this?—he is a miniſterialiſt:—for my part it's nothing to me—as I am only a lodger—and hardly that.—Give my love and reſpect to the ladies—and beſt compliments to all the gentlemen with reſpects to Mr. and Mrs. I——.

Give me a line to know how you all do—the poſt is going—only time to ſay God bleſs you.—I remain

Yours affectionate,

I. SANCHO.

Paſt eleven at night.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO MISS L——.

Charles Street, Sept. 11, 1779.

I CANNOT forbear returning my dear Miſs L—— our united thanks for her generous preſent—which came exactly in time to grace poor Marianne's birth-day, which was yeſterday:—the bird was good, and well dreſſed; that and a large apple-pye feaſted the whole family of the Sancho's. Miſs L—— was toaſted; and although we had neither ringing of bells, nor firing of guns, yet the day was celebrated with mirth and decency—and a degree of ſincere joy and urbanity ſeldom to be ſeen on R——l birth-days.—Mary, as queen of the day, invited two or three young friends—her breaſt filled with delight unmixed with cares—her heart danced in her eyes—and ſhe looked the happy mortal.—Great

God of mercy and love! why, why, in a few fleeting years are all the gay day dreams of youthful innocence to vaniſh? why can we not purchaſe prudence, decency, and wiſdom, but at the expence of our peace? Slow circumſpect caution implies ſuſpicion—and where ſuſpicion dwells, confidence dwells not.—I believe I write nonſenſe—but the dull weather, added to a dull imagination, muſt, and I truſt will, incline you to excuſe me:—if I miſtake not, writing requires—what I could tell you, but dare not—for I have ſmarted once already.—In ſhort, I write juſt what I think—and you know Congreve ſays ſomewhere, that

"Thought precedes the will,"

and

"Error lives ere Reaſon can be born."

Now Will—Reaſon—and Gratitude, all three powerfully impel me to thank you—not for your gooſe—nor for any pecuniary ſelf-gratifying marks of generoſity—but for the benevolent urbanity of your nature—which counſels

your good heart to think of the lowly, and leſs fortunate.—But what are my thanks, what the echoed praiſes of the world, to the heart-approving ſenſations of true charity!—which is but the prelude to the divine addreſs at the laſt day—"Well done, thou good," &c. &c.—That you and all I love—and even poor me—may hear thoſe joyful words, is the prayer of

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XL.

TO MR. I——.

October 3, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

You will make me happy by procuring me an order from Mr. H—— for three any night this week—'tis to oblige a worthy man who has more wants than caſh—believe me there is more of vanity than good-nature in my requeſt—for I have boaſted of the honor of being

countenanced by Mr. I——, and ſhall oſtentatiouſly produce your favor—as a proof of your kindneſs—and my preſumption:—thanks over—and over—for Sir H—— Freeman's letters, which I will ſend home in a day or two:—I return the Sermons, which I like ſo well, that I have placed a new ſet of them by Yorick's, and think they will not diſagree.—I pray you to ſend by the bearer the bit of honored Mortimer you promiſed for friend M——, who though he called ſome few mornings ſince on purpoſe—yet was ſo plagued with the *mauvaiſe hondt* (I believe I ſpell it Yorkſhirely, but you know what I mean), that the youth could not for his ſoul—ſay what he was looking after:—if you accompany it with the ſea-piece you kindly offered me—I ſhall have employment in cleanſing and reſtoring beauties which have eſcaped your obſervation—and I ſhall conſider myſelf

Your much more obliged,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XLI.

TO MR. M——.

October 5, 1778.

You miſtake—I am neither ſick—idle—nor forgetful—nor hurried—nor flurried—nor—lame—nor am I of a fickle mutable diſpoſition.—No! I feel the life-ſweetening affections—the ſwell of heart-animating ardor—the zeal of honeſt friendſhip—and what's more—I feel it for thee.—Now, Sir, what have you to ſay in humble vindication of your haſty concluſions? What, becauſe I did not write to you on Monday laſt? but let a week paſs without ſaying (what in truth I know not how to ſay, though I am now ſeriouſly ſet about it); in ſhort, ſuch hearts and minds (if there be many ſuch, ſo much the better), ſuch beings I ſay as the one I am now ſcribbling to—ſhould make elections of wide different beings—than Blackamoors for

their friends:—the reaſon is obvious—from Othello to Sancho the big—we are either fooliſh—or muliſh—all—all without a ſingle exception.—Tell me, I pray you—and tell me truly—was there any Blackamoors in the Ark.—Pooh! why there now—I ſee you puzzled—well—well—be that as the learned ſhall hereafter decide.—I will defend and maintain my opinion—ſimply—I will do more—wager a crown upon it—nay, double that—and if my ſimple teſtimony faileth—Mrs. Sancho and the children five-deep will back me—that Noah, during his pilgrimage in the bleſſed Ark—never with wife and ſix children ſet down to a feaſt upon a bit of finer—goodlier—fatter—ſweeter—ſalter—well-fed pork; we eat like hogs.

When do your nobles intend coming home?—the evenings get long, and the damps of the park after ſun-ſet—but a word to the wiſe.

Oh! I had like to have almoſt forgot—I owe you a dreſſing for your laſt letter—there were ſome ſaucy ſtrokes of

pride in it—the ebullitions of a high heart—and tenderly over-nice feelings—go to—what have I found you? My mind is not rightly at eaſe—or you ſhould have it—and ſo you would not give me a line all the week—becauſe—but what? I am to blame—a man in liquor—a man deprived of reaſon—and a man in love—ſhould ever meet with pity and indulgence:—in the laſt claſs art thou!—nay, never bluſh—plain as the noſe in thy face are the marks—refute it if you are able—diſpute if you dare—for I have proofs—yea, proofs as undeniable as is the ſincerity of the affection and zeal, with which thou art ever regarded by thy

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

How doth the ladies—and Mr. M——? Mind, I care not about —— ſo tell her, and lye.—You may tell George the ſame ſtory—but I ſhould like to hear ſomething about you all.

LETTER XLII.

TO MR. M——.

October 9, 1779.

My friend Mr. I——, who—*like* a ſimple fellow with a paliſh phiz—crazy head—and hair of a pretty colour—an aukward loon—whom I do ſometimes care about—who has more wit than money—more good ſenſe than wit—more urbanity than ſenſe—and more pride than ſome princes—a chap who talks well—writes better—and means much better than he either ſpeaks or indites.—A careleſs ſon of nature, who rides without thinking—tumbles down without hurt—and gets up again without ſwearing—who can—in ſhort, he is ſuch an excentric phizpoop—ſuch a veſſel!—a new ſkin full of old wine is the beſt type of him—know you ſuch a one? No! I gueſſed as much—nay—nay—if you think for a twelvemonth and a day, you will never be a jot the

nearer—give it up, man.—Come, I will ſolve the myſtery—his name is ——. I will tell you anon—but as I was ſaying—for I hate prolixity—as I was ſaying above—Mr. I—— (in imitation of the odd ſoul I have laboured to deſcribe) wiſhing to do me honor as well as pleaſure—came in perſon twice, to inſiſt accompanying *he* and *ſhe* and two more, to ſee Mr. H—— take poſſeſſion of the throne of Richard—into the boxes (I believe box is properer) we went—the houſe as full, juſt as it could be, and no fullet—as hot as it was poſſible to bear—or rather hotter.—Now do you really and truly conceive what I mean? Alas! there are ſome ſtupid ſouls, formed of ſuch phlegmatic, adverſe materials, that you might ſooner ſtrike conception into a flannel petticoat—or out of one—(now keep your temper I beg, ſweet Sir) than convince their ſimple craniums that ſix and ſeven makes thirteen.—It was a daring undertaking—and H—— was really awed with the idea of the great man, whoſe very robes he was to wear—

and whoſe throne he was to uſurp.—But give him his due—he acquitted himſelf well—tolerably well—he will play it much better next time—and the next better ſtill; Rome was not built in ſix weeks—and, truſt me, a Garrick will not be formed under ſeven years.—I ſupped with his Majeſty and Mr. and Mrs. I——, where good-nature and good-ſenſe mixed itſelf with the moſt chearful welcome.

And pray, how is your head by this time?—I will teach you to wiſh for pleaſure from Blackamoor dunderheads:—why, Sir, it is a broken ſieve to a ragged pudding-bag, by the time you have gone through this ſcrawl—you will be as flat, dull, and tedious, as a drunken merry-andrew—or a methodiſt preacher—or, a tired poor devil of a poſt-horſe; or to ſum up all in one word, as your moſt—what you pleaſe,

I. SANCHO,

Is peſorpher Quidois.

Your true friend and ſo forth.

Zounds, Sir! ſend me a good handſome epiſtle—ſuch as you were wont to do in peaceful days before * * * had warped your faculties, and made you lazy.—Why you—but I will not put myſelf in a paſſion.—Oh! my M——, I would thou wert in town—but its no matter—I am convinced in our next habitation there will be no care—love will poſſeſs our ſouls—and praiſe and harmony—and ever freſh rays of knowledge, wonder, and mutual communication will be our employ. Adieu.

The beſt of women—the girls—the boy—all well. I could really write as long a letter on a taylor's meaſure, as your laſt hurry-begotten note.

LETTER XLIII.

TO MR. M——.

October 17, 1779.

No! you have not the leaſt grain of genius—alas! deſcription is a ſcience—a man ſhould in ſome meaſure be born with the knack of it.—Poor blundering M——, I pity thee—once more I tell thee—thou art a bungler in every thing—aſk the girls elſe.—You know nothing of figures—you write a wretched hand—thou haſt a nonſenſical ſtyle—almoſt as diſagreeable as thy heart—thy heart, though better than thy head—and which I wiſh from my ſoul (as it now is) was the worſt heart in the three kingdoms—thy heart is a ſilly one—a poor cowardly heart—that would ſhrink at mere trifles—though there were no danger of fine or impriſonment:—for example—come, confeſs now—could you lie

with the wife of your friend? could you debauch his ſiſter? could you defraud a poor creditor? could you by gambling rejoice in the outwitting a novice of all his poſſeſſions?—No! why then thou art a ſilly fellow—incumbered with three abominable inmates;—to wit—Conſcience—Honeſty—and Good-nature—I hate thee (as the Jew ſays) becauſe thou art a Chriſtian.

And what, in the name of common ſenſe, impelled thee to torment my ſoul, with thy creative pen drawing of ſweet A—r—bn—s? I enjoyed content at leaſt in the vortex of ſmoak and vice—and lifted my thoughts no higher than the beauties of the park or—— gardens.—What have I to do with rural deities? with parterres—fields—groves—terraces—views—buildings—grots—temples—ſlopes—bridges—and meandring ſtreams—cawing rooks—billing turtles—happy ſwains—the harmony of the woodland ſhades—the bliſsful conſtancy of ruſtic lovers?—Sir, I ſay you do wrong to awaken ideas of this ſort:—beſides, as

I hinted largely above—you have no talent—no language—no colouring—you do not groupe well—no relief—falſe light and ſhadow—and then your perſpective is ſo falſe—no blending of tints—thou art a ſad fellow, and there is an end of it.

S——n, who loves fools (he writes to me) but mum; S——n wiſhes to have the honor of a line from quondam friend M——: now M—— is an ill-natured fellow, but were it contrariwiſe—and M—— would indulge him—I would encloſe it in a frank—with ſomething clever of my own to make it more agreeable.—Sirrah! refuſe if you dare—I will ſo expoſe thee—do it—'tis I command you:—S——n only intreats—you have need of ſuch a rough chap as Sancho to counterpoiſe the pleaſures of your earthly paradiſe.—Pray take care of your Eve—and now, my dear M——, after all my abuſe, let me conclude

Yours affectionately,

I. SANCHO.

Poſtſcript.

The tree of knowledge has yielded you fruit in ample abundance:—may you boldly climb the tree of life—and gather the fruits of a happy immortality—in which I would fain ſhare, and have ſtrong hope, through the merits of a bleſſed Redeemer—to find room ſufficient for ſelf—and all I love—which to ſay what I glory in comprehend the whole race of man—and why not? Namby-Pamby. M—— cannot write to S——n till I have your letter to encloſe to him—if there is any delay, the fault is not mine.

LETTER XLIV.

TO MR. R———.

October 20, 1779.

ZOUNDS, Sir! would you believe—Ireland has the * * * to claim the advantages of a free unlimited trade—or

they will join in the American dance.—What a pack of * * * are * * *! I think the wiſeſt thing adminiſtration can do (and I dare wager they will) is to ſtop the exportation of potatoes—and repeal the act for the encouragement of growing tobacco * * *. It is reported here (from excellent authority) that the people at large ſurrounded the Iriſh parliament, and made the members—the courtiers—the formiſts and non-cons—cats—culls—and pimpwhiſkins—all—all ſubſcribe to their—.—Well, but what ſays your brother—no better news I much fear from that quarter.—Oh, this poor ruined country!—ruined by its ſucceſs—and the choiceſt bleſſings the Great Father of Heaven could ſhower down upon us—ruined by victories—arts—arms—and unbounded commerce—for pride accompanied thoſe bleſſings—and like a canker-worm has eaten into the heart of our political body.—The Dutch have given up the Serapis and the Scarborough, and detained Paul Jones twenty-four hours after their ſailing:—

how they will balance accounts with France, I know not; but I do believe the Mynheers will get into a ſcrape.

Tell Mr. B—— the Pyefleets fluctuate in price like the ſtocks, and were done this morning, at Billinſgate change, at 1 *l.* 6 *s.* 8 *d. per* buſhel; but I have ſent them this evening properly directed—alſo a book of *Cogniſcenti dilitanti divertimenti.*—As for the ladies, I cannot ſay any thing in juſtice to their merits, or my own feelings:—therefore I am ſilent—write ſoon—a decent, plain, and intelligible letter—a letter that a body may read with pleaſure and improvement—none of your circumround-abouts for

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XLV.

TO MR. R——.

Nov. 1, 1779.

DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD on Saturday night have acknowledged your kindneſs, but was prevented by weakneſs!—idleneſs!—or ſome ſuch nonſenſe!—Were you here, Mrs. Sancho would tell you I had quacked myſelf to death.—It is true, I have been unwell—from colds and from a purging!—which diſorder prevails much in our righteous metropolis—and perhaps from quacking; but of this when we meet.—I was much pleaſed with my letter from Sir John—in which there is very little news—and leſs hope of doing any thing to the purpoſe—either in the conquering, or conciliating mode, than in any letter I have been favoured with.—He makes no mention of receiving

any packets from me, and I have wrote ſix or eight times within the laſt twelve-months—ſo you ſee plainly the packets are either loſt, or his letters ſtopt.—I ſhall give him a line by Wedneſday's poſt—and let it try its fortune.—I encloſe you ſome American congreſs notes—for he does not ſay he has ſent you any—though he mentions the news-papers.

We talk of ſending over a vaſt force next ſpring. Why G—m—t will ſo madly purſue a loſing game is amongſt the number of things that reaſon can never account for—and good ſenſe bluſhes at:—it is reported in the city, that our ſafety this ſummer was purchaſed of d'Orvilliers and Monſieur Sartine:—it is certain (although a vote of credit was granted for a million) that there is no money in the Exchequer—and that the civil liſt is 800,000*l.* in arrears.—This looks dark—whilſt Ireland treats us rather laconic—Scotland not too friendly—America ſpeaks, but too plainly:—but what a plague is all this to you and me? I am doomed to

difficulty and poverty for life—and let things go as they will, if the French leave us Newmarket—they will not ruin my friend.—I hope the good ladies are well, and preparing for London.—Squire S—— and his good woman well—alſo he in the enjoyment of his gun—and ſhe in the care of the ſweet children.—My beſt reſpects to Mr. and Mrs. B——, and I ſhould be a beaſt to neglect my worthy friend Mr. S——k. Now I have a ſcheme to propoſe to the electors of Great Britain, to take Sir C—— and Mr. S—— for their patterns—and at the general election (if they can find as many) to return 300 ſuch—it would immortalize them in the annals of this country for their wiſdom of choice—and what's much better, it would perhaps (with God's bleſſing) ſave Old England.—We want, alas!—only a few honeſt men of ſound principles and good plain underſtandings—to unite us—to animate with one mind!—one heart!—one aim!—and to direct—the rouzed courage of a brave people properly—

then we might hope for golden times—and the latter end of the preſent reign, emulate the grand cloſe of the laſt.

I got a very pretty young lady to chuſe this incloſed ticket—meaning to baffle ill-luck; for, had I choſe it myſelf, I am certain a blank would have been the conſequence.—May it be proſperous!—Mrs. Sancho joins me in every thing—love to O——; the girls giggle their reſpects to Mr. R——; Billy joins in ſilence, but his love to Nutts is plain. How does he do?

Yours,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER XLVI.

TO MR. S——.

Nov. 14, 1779.

DEAR FRIEND,

YOURS by my brother gave me money—and, what was more pleaſing to me, a tolerable account of your ſuc-

ceſs—the lateneſs of the ſeaſon conſidered.—Come, brighten up; my brother P—— has left us much happier than he found us.—We have ſucceeded beyond our expectation—humility is the teſt of Chriſtianity—and parent of many—if not of all the virtues—but we will talk this over, when you return from grape-ſtuffed geeſe and fine girls.—H—— ſeems to be in better favour with her goddeſſſhip lady Fortune—his affair will do—he will ſtand a fair chance of riſing:—I wiſh from my ſoul ſomething good in the ſame line was deſtined for you—but have courage—time and patience conquer all things.—I hope you will come home ſoon—and leave a foundation for better fortune next year at B——, and its friendly neighbourhood.—Kitty is very poorly—God's will be done!—I have a horrid ſtory to tell you about the—Zounds! I am interrupted.—Adieu! God keep you!

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

Mrs. Sancho, and girls, and Billy, ſend their compliments, &c. and pray all our reſpective loves and beſt wiſhes to the friendly circle at B——, and every where elſe.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MR. S——.

Nov. 16, 1779.

You have miſſed the truth by a mile—aye and more—it was not neglect—I am too proud for that—it was not forgetfulneſs, Sir—I am not ſo ungrateful;—it was not idleneſs—the excuſe of fools—nor hurry of buſineſs—the refuge of knaves;—it is time to ſay what it was.—Why, Mrs. D—— was in town from Tueſday till Monday following—and then—and not till then—gave me your letter—and moſt graciouſly did I receive it—conſidering that both my feet were in flannels—and are ſo to this

luckleſs minute.—Well, Sir, and what have you to ſay to that? Friend H—— has paid for them.—I pay him again—and ſhall draw upon you towards Chriſtmas—never poorer ſince created—but 'tis a general caſe—bleſſed times for a poor Blacky grocer to hang or drown in!—Received from your good reverend parent (why not honored father?) a letter, announcing the approach of a hamper of prog—which I wiſh you was near enough to partake.—Your good father feels a ſatisfaction in doing—I think a wrong thing—his motive is right—and, like a true ſervant of Chriſt, he follows the ſpirit—not the letter—he will be juſtified in a better world—I am ſatisfied in this—and thou wilt in thy feelings be gratified.—Huzza!—we are all right—but your father pays the piper. How doth Squire G——? odſo—and his pretty daughter?—kiſs the father for me—and drink a bottle with the fair lady.—I mean as I have wrote—ſo tell them—and do what's beſt in thy own and their eyes.—When you ſee brother O——,

my love to him and his houſehold.——I have no ſpirits when the gout ſeizes me—pox on him!—Great news from Sir Charles Hardy—huzza for ever—all mad—nothing but illuminations—out with your lights—bells ringing, bonfires blazing—crackers bouncing—and all for what?—what?—The girls open-mouthed—Billy ſtares—Mrs. Sancho rubs her hands, the night indeed is cold, but Billy muſt go to bed—the noiſy rogues with the Gazette extra—ſtun our ears. Adieu!

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

I ſhould have encloſed a paper, but it will coſt the devil and all—my family all join in cuſtomary cuſtoms.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO I—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, Nov. 21, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

WE are happy to hear by brother O—— that you and Mrs. S—— enjoy good health—may God preſerve it, and increaſe your every comfort!

I am far from being ſorry that you have not been in town this autumn—for London has been ſickly—almoſt every body full of complaint—add alſo that the times are equally full of diſeaſe—Luxury! Folly! Diſeaſe! and Poverty! you may ſee daily riding in the ſame coach—the doors ornamented with the honours of a virtuous anceſtry topped with coronets; ſurrounded with mantle ermined—and, alas! Corruption for the ſupporters.

Now, my good Sir, you can have no real pleaſure but what muſt ariſe from

your own heart were you amongſt us —and that would be in pitying our weakneſs, and ſighing over diſtreſſes your benevolence of heart could not alleviate;—and yet I fear—if you keep from town till times mend—I ſhall have no chance of ſeeing you this ſide eternity—you ſhould come up for a day or two, were it only to be witneſs to the roguery of M—rs and lottery-office-keepers—and the madneſs of the dupes of each.—I have much to thank you for—which I will not forget in a better world, if I ſee you not in this.—We have eat your turkey to-day—it is a joke to ſay it was good—bad things ſeldom, if ever, come from Mr. S——. Mrs. Sancho joins me in thanks to Mrs. S——, who we hope will not be always unknown.—The cuſtomary wiſhes of the approaching ſacred ſeaſon to you and all your connexions.—Pray excuſe blunders, for I am forced to write poſt—as I expect O—— every moment —as I write firſt, and think afterwards my epiſtles, are commonly in the Iriſh faſhion. You, who prefer the heart to

the head—will overlook the error of the man who is, and ever will be, very ſincerely and gratefully,

Your much obliged
friend and ſervant,

IGN. SANCHO.

It is expected the whole M——y will run from their poſts before Friday next; L—d S——h and L—d N—h excepted. Now I have a reſpect for L—d N—h, he is a good huſband! father, friend, and maſter—a real *good man*—but I fear a bad *m——r*.

LETTER XLIX.

TO THE REV. MR. S———.

Dec. 5, 1779.

REV. AND HON. SIR,

I HAVE juſt now received your too valuable favor—forgive me, good Sir, if I own I felt hurt at the idea of the

trouble and coſt you (from a ſpirit too generous) have been put to—and for what, my good Sir? Your ſon ſhewed me many kindneſſes—and his merits are ſuch as will ſpontaneouſly create him the eſteem of thoſe who have the pleaſure of knowing him—it is honouring me to ſuppoſe I could be of ſervice to him.—Accept then, good Sir, of my thanks, and Mrs. Sancho's—and be aſſured you have ſevenfold overpaid any common kindneſs I could render your deſerving ſon and my friend.—I wiſh he was here to partake of your bountiful treat—for well do I know his filial heart would exult, and his eyes beam with love and reſpect.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in reſpectful acknowledgements and thanks to Mrs. S—— and ſelf.

We are, dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged ſervants,

IGN. and A. SANCHO.

LETTER L.

TO MR. S——.

Dec. 14, 1779.

SIR,

I EXPECT an anſwer.

Yours,

I. S.

Our friend H——'s head and heart are fully occupied with ſchemes, plans, reſolves, &c. &c. in which (to his immortal honour) the weal and welfare of his S—— are conſtantly conſidered:—the propoſal which accompanies this letter, from what little judgement I have, I think promiſes fair.—You will, however, give it a fair examination—and of courſe determine from the conviction of right reaſon.—If as a friend I might preſume to offer my weak opinion—I freely ſay, I think in every light it ſeems eligible—the circle of your acquaintance is at preſent circumſcribed—I mean in the artiſt line:—now in caſe you connect

yourſelf in a buſineſs which requires conſtant daily perambulation—the chances are on your ſide for forming acquaintance—perhaps friendſhips—with men of genius and abilities, which may happily change the colour of your fortunes—the old proverb is on your ſide—"two heads," &c.—and very fortunately in your caſe, where in fact one has *wit*, and the other *judgement*—the *chair* of *intereſt* will have its compleat furniture in the two top ornaments—and *honeſty* for its *baſis*. So much for Monſ. H——, and now I have to reckon with you. How could you be ſo prepoſterouſly wrong to trouble the repoſe of your worthy father and mother about me? Surely you muſt think me exceedingly intereſted—or your heart muſt be a very proud one;—if either—in the firſt inſtance you did me a wrong—in the laſt perhaps I may wrong you;—be it as it may—I know it gave me real vexation.—Your father ſent ſuch a baſket, as ten times repaid the trifling ſervice I had the honour as well as pleaſure in rendering a man of merit,

and my friend;—believe me, I never accepted any preſent with ſo ill a will—with regard to them, every thankful acknowledgement was due.—I wrote a very embarraſſed letter of thanks—with a reſolution to give you a chaſtiſement for laying me under the neceſſity.—I hear with pleaſure that you have enough to do.—H——— declares he is ſorry for it—as he wants and wiſhes you in town. Pray give my beſt wiſhes to Meſſ. B——— and S———w, and my love to O———. If you ſhould happen to know a Miſs A———, a rich farmer's daughter, remember me to her—were you not widow-witched, ſhe or ſome other heavy-purſed laſs might be eaſily attainable to a man of your—aye, aye, but that, ſays ———, will not be, I fear.—For I verily believe that * * * * * for the * * * * and by the ſame token do you not * * * * * * * ? but this is matter of mere ſpeculation.—God bleſs you! Yours ſincerely—cordially—and ſometimes offenſively—but always friendly,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER LI.

TO B——— B———E, ESQ.

Dec. 17, 1779.

GOOD SIR,

A STRANGER to your perſon (not to your virtues) addreſſes you—will you pardon the intereſted intruſion? I am told you delight in doing good.—Mr. W—e (who honours me with his friendſhips, by whoſe perſuaſion I preſume to trouble you) declares—you are no reſpecter of country or colours—and encourages me further—by ſaying, that I am ſo happy (by the good offices of his too partial friendſhip) to have the intereſt and good wiſhes of Mr. B——e.

Could my wiſh be poſſibly effected to have the honour of a General-poſt-office ſettled in my houſe, it would certainly be a great good—as (I am informed) it would emancipate me from the fear of ſerving the pariſh offices—for which I

am utterly unqualified through infirmities—as well as complexion.—Figure to yourſelf, my dear Sir, a man of a convexity of belly exceeding Falſtaff—and a black face into the bargain—waddling in the van of poor thieves and pennyleſs proſtitutes—with all the ſupercilious mock dignity of little office—what a banquet for wicked jeſt and wanton wit—as needs muſt, when, &c. &c.—Add to this, my good Sir, the chances of being ſummoned out at midnight in the ſeverity of eaſterly winds and froſty weather—ſubject as I unfortunately am to gout ſix months in twelve—the conſequence of which muſt be death:—death! now I had much rather live—and not die—live indebted to the kindneſs of a few great and good—in which glorious claſs, you, dear Sir, have the pre-eminence—in the idea of

Your moſt reſpectful

and obliged humble ſervant,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER LII.

TO MR. B——.

Charles Street, Dec. 20, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

THE Park guns are now firing, and never was poor devil ſo puzzled as your humble Sancho is at this preſent moment.—I have a budget of freſh news—aye, and that of conſequence—and a million of ſtale thanks—which perhaps you will think of no conſequence.—Impelled by two contrary paſſions, how ſhould a poor Negro know preciſely which to obey? Your turkey and chine are abſolutely as good, as fine, and as welcome—as nobly given—and as gratefully accepted—as heart can wiſh, or fancy conceive:—then on the other hand—the news is as glorious—as well timed and authenticated—as pleaſing—as ſalutary in the miniſterial way—as much

wanted—and as welcome—as the turkey and chine—to a certain ſett I mean—of king's friends and national * * * * *. The ſaid turkey and chine will keep freſh and good—and chear ſome honeſt hearts (I truſt) on Chriſtmas-day.—The news, good as it is, may half of it prove falſe by Chriſtmas—and the true part will be ſtale news by that time—much of it will be liable to doubt and malicious diſquiſition:—now, on the other hand, the turkey and its honeſt fat companion are bettering every day—and feaſt us by anticipation.—But again, the news will come with a handſome face—atteſted by a Gazette extraordinary, garniſhed by the happy flouriſhes of news-paper invention;—then there is the ſpeech of the noble Sir C——; I meant to ſay much upon that ſcore, you have read it without doubt—ſo have I more than once or twice—and I find the ſame fault with it that the majority and minority do—which is neither more nor leſs than what's exceeding natural to both parties. —The majority deteſt it for its truth—

the minority would have better liked it—had it not been ſo d—n'd *honeſt*. Now (between ourſelves) I do confeſs to you, my worthy friend, ſtrip this famed ſpeech of its truth and honeſty, there will very little worth notice remain—excepting candour, a ſpice of benevolence, and perhaps too much charity;—but as the above are the vices only of a very few, we may the better endure it in Sir C——. There is certainly an expreſs arrived this day with very comfortable news—plenty of killed and wounded—plenty of priſoners—and (as it always happens) with little or no loſs on our ſide—but dear me—how I have run on!—I proteſt the ſole buſineſs of this letter was to eaſe my mind—by unburthening my head and heart—of ſome weighty thanks, which, for aught I know, except very decently managed, are more likely to give pain than pleaſure to ſome odd-conſtructed minds, men who fatten upon doing good—and feel themſelves richer in proportion to their kindneſs:—ſuch beings are the S——s,

the B——s, the R——hs, O——ns, &c. &c.—whom God mend—in the next world I mean:—ſo wiſhing you every felicity in this, and every comfort attendant on the approaching feſtival, with love and good-will to all friends, eſpecially to Mrs. B——n, the worthy Mr. S——'s family, Squire S——ns, and his mate, in which Mrs. Sancho claims her full ſhare, I remain, dear Sir, (I fear I tire you)

Your moſt obliged

humble ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LIII.

TO MR. B——.

Dec. 24, 1779.

LOSERS have the privilege to rail.—I was taking the benefit of the act, upon my ſeeing Johnny O——, when

he abruptly (and not diſagreeably) ſtopped my mouth—with ſaying, he had juſt loaded a ſtout lad—in the name of Mr. B——, and diſpatched him to Charles Street:—now this ſame ſpirit of reparation may ſuit well—with both the in and outſide of Mr. B——; and thoſe who know the man will not marvel at the deed—for my own part, I have been long convinced of the blindneſs, and more than Egyptian ſtubbornneſs, of repiners of every ſect.—For how can we ſay but that ſeeming evils in the ſeed—with the cultivation of benevolence—mark that—may yield an abundant crop of real ſubſtantial good?—The confounded lurches, and four by honors—trimmed me of ten pieces:—ten pieces! quoth I, as I was preparing for bed—better been at home:—ten pieces, quoth Prudence, you had no buſineſs to play:—ſo much good money flung away, cries Avarice.—Avarice is a lying old grub—I have pork worth twice the money—and the friendly wiſhes—of a being—who looks hoſpitality and good-will.—The bleſſings of

the ſeaſon attend you—may you have the pleaſure and exerciſe of finding out want—and relieving it—and may you feel more pleaſure than the benefited!—which I believe is moſtly the caſe in ſouls of a kind, generous, enlarged ſtructure.—My reſpects attend the gun and dog of Squire S——, which being the things of moſt conſequence, I name before Mrs. S—— or himſelf.—They and every one connected with B—— houſe have my beſt wiſhes—and you, my good Sir, the thanks of

Your moſt humble ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LIV.

TO MRS. M——.

Chriſtmas-Day, 1779.

MAY this bleſt ſeaſon bring every pleaſure with it to my kind and worthy Mrs. M——! and may the com-

ing year bleſs the good and happy man of her heart with the poſſeſſion of her perſon! and may every future one, for a long period of time, bring an increaſe to her joys and comforts!—So pray the Sancho's—and alſo join in thanks to Mrs. M—— for her friendly preſent.—Will Mrs. M—— be ſo kind to ſay all that's civil and thankful to Mrs. W——e, for her kindneſs in ſending me a bottle of ſnuff?—and alſo make my reſpectful compliments to Mr. L——? God keep you all.

Yours I remain, much
obliged and thankful,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER LV.

TO MR. W——.

Dec. 26, 1779.

IT is needleſs, my dear Sir, to ſay how pleaſingly the news of your great good fortune affected us;—for my part, I

declare (ſelf excepted) I do not know, in the whole circle of human beings, two people whom I would ſooner wiſh to have got it;—neither in my poor judgement could it have fallen with a probability of being better uſed in any other hands—the bleſſings of decent competency you have been uſed to from early childhood:—your minds have been well cultivated—virtuous and prudent in your conduct, you have enjoyed the only true riches (a good name) long;—your power of doing good will certainly be amply increaſed; but, as to real wealth, I will maintain it, you were as rich before.—You muſt now expect a decent ſhare of envy—for, as every one thinks pretty handſomely of ſelf, moſt of the unfortunate adventurers of your acquaintance will be apt to think how much pleaſanter it would have been to have had twenty thouſand pounds to themſelves.—Avarice will groan over his full bags, and cry, "Well, I never had any luck." Vanity will exclaim, "It is better to be born lucky than rich."

Whilſt Content, ſheltered in her homely hovel, will cry, "Bleſſings on their good hearts! aye, I knew their good parents—they were eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and made the orphan's and the widow's hearts ſing for joy; God will proſper the family."—But while I am prating away, I neglect to thank you, which was the chief buſineſs of this letter—to thank you, and to admire that rectitude of temper which could in the full tide of worldly good fortune remember the obſcure, the humble old friend:—accept my thanks and the plaudit alſo of a heart too proud to court opulence—but alive to the feelings of truth, ſacred friendſhip, and humanity.—Mine and Mrs. Sancho's thanks for your genteel preſent attend you, Mrs. W——, and the worthy circle round!—may every year be productive of new happineſs in the fulleſt ſenſe of true wiſdom—the riches of the heart and mind!—So wiſhes thy obliged ſincere friend,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LVI.

TO D. B——E, ESQ.

Dec. 30, 1779.

HONOURED SIR,

PERMIT me to thank you—which I do moſt ſincerely—for the kindneſs and good-will you are pleaſed to honor me with.—Believe me, dear Sir, I was better pleaſed with the gracious and ſoothing manner of your refuſal—than I have been in former times with obligations, leſs graciouſly conferred.—I ſhould regret the trouble I have given you—but that my heart feels a comfort, and my pride a gratification, from the reflection, that I am cared for—and not unnoticed—by a gentleman of the firſt worth and higheſt character. I am, dear Sir, with profound reſpect and gratitude,

Your moſt obliged
and humble ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LVII.

TO MR. I——.

Dec. 1779.

DEAR SIR,

THE bearer of this letter gives himſelf a very good report—he is certainly the beſt judge—he can cook upon occaſion—dreſs and ſhave—handle a ſalver with addreſs—and clean it too:—he is but little in make—and I hope not great in opinion:—examine his morals—if you can ſee through ſo opaque a compoſition as a Bengalian.—Was he an African—but it's no matter, he can't help the place of his nativity. I would have waited upon the worthy circle yeſterday—but the day was ſo unfriendly, I had not the heart to quit the fire-ſide.—I hope you and Mrs. I—— have as much health and ſpirits as you can manage—I have had a pretty ſmart engagement with the gout, of which I can give a better account than Sir Charles

Hardy can of the combined fleet.—I wiſh to place you, Sir, in the Cenſor's chair—for the which purpoſe, I moſt preſſingly beg the favor of your company—to-morrow, Friday the 19th in the afternoon—to meet a young unfledged genius of the firſt water—who, as well as myſelf, is fool enough to believe you poſſeſs as much true taſte as true worth:—be that as God pleaſes—if you delight to do me honor, comply with this requeſt, and imagine Sterne would have done as much for

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MR. R———.

Laſt Day, 1779.

DEAR FRIEND,

I WISH I could tell you—how much pleaſure I felt in the reading your chearful letter—I felt that you was in

good health, and in a flow of chearfulneſs, which, pray God, continue to you.—I ſhall fancy myſelf amongſt you about the time you will get this—I paint in my imagination the winning ſmiles, and courteouſly kind welcome, in the face of a certain lady, whom I cannot help caring for with the decent pleaſingly demure countenance of the little C—— Squire B——, with the jovial expreſſion of countenance our old Britiſh freeholders were wont to wear—the head and heart of Addiſon's Sir Roger de Coverly; S—— tipſy with good will, his eyes dancing in his head, conſidering within his breaſt every ſpecies of welcome to do honor to his noble maſter, and credit to the night; and, laſtly, my friend looking more kindneſs than his tongue can utter and preſent to every individual, in offices of love and reſpect.—My R——, what would I give to ſteal in unſeen—and be a happy ſpectator of the good old Engliſh hoſpitality—kept up by ſo few—and which in former times gave ſuch ſtrength and

conſequence to the anceſtry of the preſent frivolous race of Apoſtates!—Honoured and bleſt be Sir C—— and his memory, for being one of thoſe golden characters that can find true happineſs in giving pleaſure to his tenants, neighbours, and domeſtics!—wherever ſuch a being moves—the eyes of love and gratitude follow after him—and infant tongues, joining the voice of youth and maturer years, fill up the grand chorus of his praiſe.—I incloſe without apology a billet for ——: he well knows how prone I naturally am to love him;—but love is untractable, there is no forcing affections—but I, perhaps too quickly, feel coldneſs.——has a noble ſoul—and he has his foibles;—for me, I fling no ſtone—I dare not; for, of all created beings, I know none ſo truly culpable, ſo full of faults, as is your very ſincere friend and obliged ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

As we commonly wiſh well to ourſelves, you may believe that we cordially

join in wiſhing every good either in in health, wealth, or honour, to the noble owner of B—— Hall—to the thrice dearly reſpected —— gueſs who! to you and all—and all and you.—Billy loves fleſh—Kitty is a termagant—Betſy talks as uſual—the Fanny's work pretty hard. Adieu! I conclude 1779 with the harmony of love and friendſhip.

LETTER LIX.

TO —— MR. S———.

1780, January the 4th day.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR have here a kind of medley, a heterogeneous, ill-ſpelt, heteroclite, (worſe) excentric ſort of a—a—; in ſhort, it is a true Negroe calibaſh—of ill-ſorted, undigeſted chaotic matter. What an excellent proem! what a delightful ſample of the grand abſurd!—

Sir—dear Sir—as I have a ſoul to be ſaved (and why I ſhould not—would puzzle a Dr. Price), as I have a ſoul to be ſaved—I only meant to ſay about fifteen words to you—and the ſubſtance juſt this—to wiſh you a happy New-year—with the uſal appendages—and a long et cætera of cardinal and heavenly bleſſings:—à propos, bleſſings—never more ſcanty—all beggars by Jove—not a ſhilling to be got in London;—if you are better off in the country, and can afford to remit me your little bill, I incloſe it for that good end.—H—— is—but he can better tell you himſelf what he is; for in truth I do think he is in love, which puts the pretty G---- into my head—and ſhe brings her father in view.—My love and reſpects to each.—Mrs. Sancho joins me; and the girls, her—and God keep you!

Yours ſincerely,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LX.

TO MR. I—— W——E.

Charles Street, Jan. 5, 1780.

DEAR W——E,

WERE I as rich in worldly commodity—as in hearty will—I would thank you moſt princely for your very welcome and agreeable letter;—but, were it ſo, I ſhould not proportion my gratitude to your wants;—for, bleſſed be the God of thy hope!—thou wanteſt nothing—more than—what's in thy poſſeſſion—or in thy power to poſſeſs:—I would neither give thee *Money*—nor *Territory*—*Women*—nor *Horſes*—nor *Camels*—nor the height of Aſiatic pride—*Elephants*;—I would give thee *Books*—

"*Books*, fair Virtue's advocates and friends;"

but you have books plenty—more than you have time to digeſt:—after much writing—which is fatiguing

enough—and under the laſſitude occaſioned by fatigue—and not ſin—the cool receſs—the loved *book*—the ſweet pleaſures of imagination poetically worked up into delightful enthuſiaſm—richer than all your fruits—your ſpices—your dancing girls—and the whole detail of eaſtern, effeminate foppery—flimſy ſplendour—and glittering magnificence—ſo thou thinkeſt—and I rejoice with thee and for thee :—ſhall I ſay what my heart ſuggeſts ? No, you will feel it praiſe—and call it flattery—ſhall I ſay ?—Your worthy parent read your filial letter to me—and embalmed the grateful tribute of a virtuous ſon with his precious tears.—Will you believe ?—he was for ſome minutes ſpeechleſs through joy :—imagine you ſee us—our heads cloſe together—comparing notes ;—imagine you hear the honeſt plaudits of love and friendſhip—ſounding in thy ears ;—'tis glory to be proud on ſuch occaſions—'tis the pride of merit—and as you allow me to counſel you with freedom—I do ſtrongly adviſe you to love praiſe—to

court praiſe—to win it by every honeſt, laudable exertion—and be oft—very often jealous of it:—examine the ſource it proceeds from—and encourage and cheriſh it accordingly;—fear not—mankind are not too laviſh of it—cenſure is dealt out by wholeſale—while praiſe is very ſparingly diſtributed—nine times in ten mankind may err in their blame—but in its praiſes the world is ſeldom, if ever, miſtaken.—Mark—I praiſe thee *ſincerely*, for the *whole* and every *part* of thy *conduct*, in regard to my two ſable brethren *. I was an aſs, or elſe I might have judged from the national antipathy and prejudice through cuſtom even of the Gentoos towards their woolly-

* Mr. W——e having wrote word, that if any European in India aſſociated with thoſe of that complexion, it would be conſidered as a degradation, and would be an obſtacle to his future preferment: he laments in very ſtrong terms the cruelty of ſuch an opinion, hopes not to forfeit Mr. Sancho's good opinion from being compelled to comply with the cuſtom of the country, with repeated aſſurances of ſerving them, if in his power; though he muſt remain unknown to them.

headed brethren, and the well-known dignity of my Lords the Whites, of the impropriety of my requeſt.—I therefore not only acquit thee honourably—but condemn myſelf for giving thee the trouble to explain a right conduct.—I fear you will hardly make out this ſcrawl, although it is written with a pen of thy father's—a preſent mended from a parcel of old quills by his foreman, or brother C——d.—Your honeſt brother Joſeph came poſt with your letters—good-will ſhining in his face—joy in his innocent eyes:—he promiſes to be as much a W——e as his Indian brother;—you flatter my vanity in ſuppoſing my friendſhip of any utility to Joe;—he has in his good father Moſes and the Prophets—which you have had—and availed yourſelf well of the bleſſing—and I truſt Joe will do the ſame—beſides having precept and example from a worthy and loving brother.—Poor M——, your favourite—I ſcarce knew her—ſhe was as pure within, as amiable without—ſhe enriches the circle of the bleſt—and you have a friend in heaven.

I hope you ſometimes—aye often—conſult with Dr. Young's Night Thoughts—carry him in your pockets—court him—quote him—delight in him—make him your own—and laugh at the wit, and wiſdom, and faſhion of the world:—that book well ſtudied will make you know the value of death—and open your eyes to the ſnares of life;—its precepts will exalt the feſtive hour—brighten and bleſs the gloom of ſolitude—comfort thy heart, and ſmooth thy pillow in ſickneſs—and gild with luſtre thy proſperity—diſarm death itſelf of its terrors—and ſweetly ſoften the hour of diſſolution.—I recommend all young people, who do me the honour to aſk my opinion—I recommend, if their ſtomachs are ſtrong enough for ſuch intellectual food—Dr. Young's Night Thoughts—the Paradiſe Loſt—and the Seaſons;—which with Nelſon's Feaſts and Faſts—a Bible and Prayer-book—uſed for twenty years to make my travelling library—and I do think it a very rich one. I never trouble my very diſtant

friends with articles of news—the public prints do it ſo much better—and then they may anſwer for their untruths—for among the multitude of our public prints, it is hard to ſay which lyes moſt.

Your encloſed truſt was directly delivered to the fair hands it was addreſſed to;—I have the authority to ſay, it gave great pleaſure to both the ladies and your friend Mr. R——, who wears the ſame cordial friendly heart in his breaſt as when you firſt knew him.—Your friend Mr. John R—— is ſtill at New York with the guards—where he is very deſervedly honoured, loved, and eſteemed:—he correſponds with his old acquaintance—and does me the honour to remember me amongſt his friends:—our toaſt in P. Gardens is often the three Johns—R——, W——e, and O——, an honeſt—therefore a noble triumvirate.

I feel old age inſenſibly ſtealing on me—and, alas! am obliged to borrow the aid of ſpectacles, for any kind of

ſmall print:—Time keeps pacing on, and we delude ourſelves with the hope of reaching firſt this ſtage, and then the next;—till that ravenous rogue Death puts a final end to our folly.

All this is true—and yet I pleaſe and flatter myſelf with the hope of living to ſee you in your native country—with every comfort poſſeſſed—crowned with the honeſt man's beſt ambition—a fair character:—may your worthy, your reſpectable parents, relations, and friends, enjoy that pleaſure! and that you may realize every fond hope of all who love you, is the wiſh of

Your ſincere friend,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Poſtſcript.

This letter is of a decent length—I expect a return with intereſt.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in good wiſhes, love, and compliments.

LETTER LXI.

TO MR. S——.

Charles Street, Jan. 11, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MR. R—— faithfully diſcharged his commiſſion—paid me the deſirable—and intruſted me with ten guineas—to pay on demand;—and here he comes, faith—as freſh as May—and warm as friendly zeal can make mortality—to demand the two letters—which he will deliver himſelf—for his own ſatisfaction;—I wiſh from my ſoul, that Chancellors—Secretaries of State—Kings—aye—and Biſhops—were as fond of doing kind things—but they are of a higher order.—Friend R—— is only a Chriſtian—I give you credit for your promiſes of reformation in the epiſtolary way—and very glad am I to hear of your ſuc-

teſs.—Know your own worth—honour yourſelf—not with ſupercilious pride—but with the decent confidence of your own true native merit—and you muſt ſucceed in almoſt any thing you chuſe to undertake: ſo thinks Sancho.—As to what you requeſt me to do by way of inſpecting your goods and chattels in your late lodging;—I muſt beg to decline it—as I feel it aukward—to inſinuate the leaſt deficiency in point of attention to your intereſts in ſuch a heart as H——s—a heart which to my knowledge feels every ſentiment of divine friendſhip for you—an heart animated with the ſtrongeſt zeal and flowing ardor to ſerve you, to love you.

The kindneſs of you and your two friends exceedingly embarraſs me—I would not wiſh to appear to any one either arrogant, vain, or conceited—no—nor ſervile, mean, or ſelfiſh;—I grant your motive is friendly in the extreme—and thoſe of your companions as nobly generous—but—but what?—Why this—and the truth—were I rich,

I would accept it, and ſay—thank ye, when I choſe it;—as I am poor—I do not chuſe to ſay—thank ye—but to thoſe I know and reſpect;—you muſt forgive me—and call it the error of African falſe principle—call it any thing but coldneſs and unfeeling pride—which is in fact ingratitude in a birth-day ſuit.—As to the grand Turk of Norfolk, if it comes—we will devour it—and toaſt Don S—— and the unknown giver.—Thou, my S——, haſt (oh! proſtrate, and thank the giver) a noble and friendly heart—ſuſceptible of the beſt—the greateſt feelings.—H—— is thy twin brother—perhaps he has more fire in his compoſition;—Woman apart—he is a glorious fellow;— * * * * apart—Alas! alas! alas!— * * * * apart, what might —not be hoped expected—from * * * * * * ſo the poor boy flew his kite—but the tail was loſt.—Poor H—— has a book and a fair-one to manage—ticklish—very tickliſh ſubjects—either—and your worſhip has a book to caſtrate —and a Fandango to dance—with a

Tol de le rol, de le lol.—Your reaſon for poſtponing your journey to town is wiſely great, or greatly wiſe;—it does you honour, becauſe it is founded in equity. I am glad to hear the Rev. Mr. S—— is better.—I love and venerate that good man;—not becauſe he begat you, but for his own great parts and many virtues—(by the bye) I know more of him than you think for;—tell brother O—— I am glad to hear he is well, and Mrs. O—— better;—and tell him the name of the Biſhop's lady's dog (that was loſt, and has been miſſing theſe two months) is Sherry *. When you ſee Mr. S——, the good, the friendly, generous Mr. S——, my and mine—make the reſpects of—we wiſh him many happy years and his family.—To Mr. G—— and his amiable daughter—ſay all that's right for me;—and now to conclude with thanks, &c. &c. I and we—that's ſpouſe and ſelf—remain, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

* Mr. O—— had promiſed Mr. Sancho two months before to ſend him immediately a preſent of Sherry.

LETTER LXII.

TO MR. S———.

Charles Street, Jan. 17, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, as you taught me to expect laſt week, a very fine * * * * and after it as kind a letter—in name of a Mr. E—— W—— of Norfolk, near Houghton-Hall, &c.—I have beſpoke a frank, and mean to thank him—as I alſo thank you, whom I look upon as the grand friendly mover of the generouſly handſome act.—You have your reward, for you had a pleaſure in doing it;—and Mr. W—— has his, if he believes me honeſt.—Could I any way retaliate, I ſhould feel lighter—that's pride—I own it.—Humility ſhould be the poor man's ſhirt—and thankfulneſs his girdle;—be it ſo—I do requeſt you to thank Mr.

W—— for me, and tell him he has the prayers—not of a raving mad whig—nor fawning deceitful tory—but of a coal-black, jolly African, who wiſhes health and peace to every religion and country throughout the ample range of God's creation!—and believes a painter may be ſaved at the laſt day—maugre all the Miſs G——s and widows in this kingdom. I have done nothing in the ſhoe affair yet—for which I ought to aſk poor C——'s pardon as well as yours:—the rogue has left the court, and gone to live in Fiſh-market, Weſtminſter-bridge;—I ſhall ferret him out, and make him bleſs his old maſter.

I incloſe your receipts in proof of my honeſty—a rare virtue as times go!—M—— has wrote to you—left his letter with me—and I, like a what you pleaſe, let it ſlip into the fire—with a handful of company he had no buſineſs to be amongſt:—he ſhall write you another—you will both be angry—but you will both forgive, as good Chriſtians ought—accidents—I am ſorry.—I will ſay no

more, than God keep you and direct your goings!

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

When you ſee the honourable Mr. B——, give our loves and beſt wiſhes to him and Mrs. B——, and Squire S—— and his good dame alſo.—Salute the home of G— for me.

LETTER LXIII.

TO MR. W——E.

Charles Street, March 1, 1780.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I WISH to intereſt you in behalf of the incloſed book—wrote by a greatly-eſteemed friend—a young man of much merit—and a heart enriched with every virtue:—the book I beg you will ſnatch time to read with attention.—It is an

anſwer (as you will ſee) to a flaming bigoted Mongrel againſt Toleration;—Swift ſays, "Zeal is never ſo pleaſed as when you ſet it a tearing." He ſays truly. Could you get the pamphlet (whoſe title I forget), you would be better enabled to judge of the force, truth, and ſtrength of my friend's anſwer:—for my part, I love liberty in every ſenſe, whilſt connected with honeſty and truth:—it has been ſhewn a bookſeller, but he happened to be the very man who had juſt publiſhed a flimſy anſwer to the ſame;—conſequently would not encourage my friend's, leſt it ſhould injure the ſale of his other.—Underſtand, my good friend, that the author is very ill-calculated for bookſeller's and printer's jockeyſhip; which, to a liberal mind fraught with high and generous ideas, is death and the devil.

I own I was guilty of teazing him into the finiſhing this little work, with a view of having it printed.—Now my friend is not richer than poets commonly are—and in ſhort will not run any

riſks—I would gladly ſtand the expence of printing—but I am not richer than he;—I want it printed—and requeſt of you, if, upon peruſing it, you do not find it inimical, either to Religion, Country, or Crown, that you contrive to puſh it into the world without delay;—but if, upon mature deliberation, you find it dangerous—with waſhed hands ſend it me back, and ſet me down for an aſs—in the trouble I have given thee and myſelf.—Perhaps, jaundiced by prejudice, I behold it with too partial eyes; for I verily believe it will not diſcredit the printer:—ſuppoſe you ſhew it in confidence to the greatly, amiable, the good Mr. B——e.—I mention him in particular—for ſure I am his nobly benevolent ſoul would ſtart at the bare idea of religious perſecution:—he would, I truſt, feel the full force of my friend's reaſoning—and his good opinion would be the beſt ſanction for endeavouring to puſh the work forward.

I had the pleaſure of meeting a gentleman in our ſtreet one day laſt week,

who ſeemed to be ſo goodly a perſonage —that I ſaid to myſelf, there's Sir Charles Grandiſon—his figure was noble—his eye brightened with kindneſs—the man of faſhion and of ſenſe was conſpicuous in him:—think how I ſtared, when the gentleman accoſted me—ſaid, he knew me through my friend W——e;—his name was * * * *. I bowed and ſtammered ſome nonſenſe—I was taken by ſurprize.—I am in ſuch a hurry, and the pen is naught, that I fear you will ſcarcely underſtand this ſcrawl;—remember I give you full powers over this work;—do what you can, but do it ſoon, and make your report to your friend,

I. SANCHO. *

* The book alluded to in this letter was printed under the title of, "An Anſwer to the Appeal from the Proteſtant Aſſociation."

LETTER LXIV.

TO MRS. H——.

Charles Street, March 23, 1789.

DEAR MADAM,

I AND mine have a thouſand things to thank you for—ſhall I ſay the plain truth, and own I am proud to know that you care for me and my little ones? your friendly attention to our intereſts proves it—but mortals of your caſt are oftener envied than loved:—the majority, who are compoſed chiefly of the narrow-minded or contracted hearts, and of ſelfiſh avidity, cannot comprehend the delight in doing as they would be done by—and conſequently cannot love what they do not underſtand.—Excuſe my nonſenſe, I ever write juſt what I think:—my buſineſs was to give you ſome account why I delayed the teas, and to thank you for your very noble

order.—Sir Jacob was here this afternoon, and if his looks tell truth, he is exceeding well:—H—— deſires his love to you and the worthy partner of your heart, to whom I join with my ſpouſe in wiſhing every earthly felicity—heavenly, you have both inſured by being faithful ſtewards.—Sir Jacob hath ſent a parcel—which accompanies the teas—which I hope will reach you ſafe and right, as they ſet out to-morrow noon:—tell Mr. H——, I pray you, that the winter has uſed me as roughly as it has him—I never have been ſo unwell for theſe four months paſt;—but, alas! one reaſon is, I do believe, that I am paſt fifty;—but I hope with you, that ſpring will ſet us all right.—As to complaints in trade, there is nothing elſe—we are all poor, all grumblers, all preaching œconomy—and wiſhing our neighbours to practiſe it;—but no one but the quite undone begin at home. We are all patriots, all politicians, all ſtate quacks, and all fools:—the ladies are turned orators, and declaim in public,

expoſe their perſons, and their erudition, to every jackanapes who can throw down half a crown:—as to the men, they are paſt ſaving—as I can ſay no good, I will ſtop where I am.—And is my good friend Mr. S—— unmarried ſtill? fie, fie upon him! how can he enjoy any good alone? He ſhould take a partner, to lead him gently down the hill of life—to ſuperintend his linen and his meat—to give ſweet poignancy to his beverage—and talk him to ſleep on nights.—Pray tell him all my ſay—and alſo that the majority are killing up the minority as faſt as they can:—nothing but duels, and rumours of duels.—But is it not time to finiſh? Dear Madam, forgive all my impertinences; and, believe me, dame Sancho and ſelf have a true ſenſe of your goodneſs, and repeatedly thank you both for your kindneſs to,

Yours in ſincerity,

and greatly obliged friends,

ANNE and IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER LXV.

For the GENERAL ADVERTISER.

April 29, 1780.

FRIEND EDITOR,

"IN the multitude of Counſellors there is wiſdom," ſayeth the preacher—and at this preſent criſis of national jeopardy, it ſeemeth to me befitting for every honeſt man to offer his mite of advice towards public benefit and edification.—The vaſt bounties offered for able-bodied men ſheweth the zeal and liberality of our wiſe lawgivers—yet indicateth a ſcarcity of men. Now, they ſeem to me to have overlooked one reſource (which appears obvious); a reſource which would greatly benefit the people at large (by being more uſefully employed), and which are happily half-trained already for the ſervice of their country—by being—*powder proof*—light, active, young fellows:—I dare ſay you have antici-

pated my ſcheme, which is to form ten companies at leaſt, out of the very numerous body of hair-dreſſers—they are, for the moſt part, clean, clever, young men—and, as obſerved above, the utility would be immenſe:—the ladies, by once more getting the management of their heads into their own hands, might poſſibly regain their native reaſon and œconomy—and the gentlemen might be induced by mere neceſſity to comb and care for their own heads—thoſe (I mean) who have heads to care for.—If the above ſcheme ſhould happily take place, among the many advantages, too numerous to particularize, which would of courſe reſult from it—one not of the leaſt magnitude would be a prodigious ſaving in the great momentous article of time;—people of the *ton* of both ſexes (to ſpeak within probability) uſually loſing between two or three hours daily on that important buſineſs.—My plan, Mr. Editor, I have the comfort to think, is replete with good—it tends to ſerve my king and country in the firſt inſtance—

and to cleanſe, ſettle, and emancipate from the cruel bondage of French, as well as native frizeurs, the heads of my fellow-ſubjects.

Yours, &c.

AFRICANUS.

LETTER LXVI.

TO MRS. H——.

Charles Street, May 20, 1780.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR goodneſs is never tired with action—how many, very many times have I to thank you, for your friendly intereſting yourſelf in our behalf!—You will ſay, thanks are irkſome to a generous mind—ſo I have done—but muſt firſt aſk pardon for a ſin of omiſſion.—I never ſent you word that your good ſon, as friendly as polite, paid me the note directly—and would not ſuffer it to run its ſight;—they that know Sir Jacob

will not wonder, for he is a Chriſtian—which means, in my idea, a gentleman not of the modern ſort.—Trade is at ſo low an ebb, the greateſt are glad to ſee ready money—in truth we are a ruined people—let hirelings affect to write and talk as big as they pleaſe—and, what is worſe, religion and morality are vaniſhed with our proſperity—every good principle ſeems to be leaving us:—as our means leſſen, luxury and every ſort of expenſive pleaſure increaſes.—The bleſſed Sabbath-day is uſed by the trader for country excurſions—tavern-dinners—rural walks—and then whipping and galloping through duſt and over turnpikes drunk home.—The poorer ſort do any thing—but go to church—they take their duſt in the field, and conclude the ſacred evening with riots, drunkenneſs, and empty pockets:—the beau in upper life hires his whiſky and beaſt for twelve ſhillings; his girl dreſſed *en militaire* for half a guinea, and ſpends his whole week's earnings to look and be thought *quite the thing*.—

And for upper tiptop high life—cards and muſic are called in to diſſipate the chagrin of a tireſome, tedious Sunday's evening.—The example ſpreads downwards from them to their domeſtics;—the laced valet and the livery beau either debauch the maids, or keep their girls—thus profuſion and curſed diſſipation fill the priſons, and feed the gallows.—The clergy—huſh! I will not not meddle with them—God forbid I ſhould! they are pretty much the ſame in all places;—but this I will affirm, wherever a preacher is in earneſt in his duty, and can *preach*, he will not want for crouded congregations.—As to our politics—now don't laugh at me—for every one has a right to be a politician; ſo have I; and though only a poor, thick-lipped ſon of Afric I may be as notable a Negro ſtate-botcher as * * * * *, and ſo on for five hundred—I do not mean B—e, S—lle, B—e, nor D—n—g. Mind that——, no, nor N—th, G—m—e, J—k—n, nor W—dd—ne, names that will ſhine in hiſtory when the marble monuments

of their earthly flatterers ſhall be mouſdering into duſt.—I have wrote abſolute nonſenſe—I mean the monuments of N—h, G—m—e, &c. and not of their flatterers—but it is right I ſhould give you an apology for this fooliſh letter.—Know then, my dear Madam, I have been ſeriouſly and literally faſt aſleep for theſe two months;—true, upon the word of a poor ſufferer, a kind of lethargy—I can ſleep ſtanding, walking, and feel ſo intolerably heavy, and oppreſſed with it, that ſometimes I am ready to tumble when walking in the ſtreet.—I am exceeding ſorry to hear Mr. H—— is ſo poorly—and hope, through God's mercy, the waters will have the wiſhed effect;—for my own part, I feel myſelf ten years older this year than the laſt.—Time tries us all—but, bleſſed be God! in the end we ſhall be an over-match for Time, and leave him, ſcythe and all, in the lurch—when we ſhall enjoy a bleſſed Eternity.—In this view, and under the ſame hope, we are as great—yea, as reſpectable and conſequential—as Stateſmen! Biſhops!

Chancellors! Popes! Heroes! Kings! Actors of every denomination—who muſt all drop the maſk—when the fated minute arrives—and, alas! ſome of the very high be obliged to give place to Mr. and Mrs. H——. May you and yours enjoy every felicity here! every bleſſing hereafter! wiſh thy much-obliged friends!

The SANCHOS.

LETTER LXVII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, June 6, 1780.

DEAR AND MOST RESPECTED SIR,

IN the midſt of the moſt cruel and ridiculous confuſion—I am now ſet down to give you a very imperfect ſketch of the maddeſt people—that the maddeſt times were ever plagued with.—The public prints have informed you (without doubt) of laſt Friday's tranſactions;

—the infanity of Ld G. G. and the worſe than Negro barbarity of the populace;—the burnings and devaſtations of each night—you will alſo ſee in the prints:—this day, by conſent, was ſet apart for the farther conſideration of the wiſhed-for repeal;—the people (who had their proper cue from his lordſhip) aſſembled by ten o'clock in the morning.—Lord N—, who had been up in council at home till four in the morning, got to the houſe before eleven, juſt a quarter of an hour before the aſſociators reached Palace-yard:—but, I ſhould tell you, in council there was a deputation from all parties;—the S—— party were for proſecuting Ld G——; and leaving him at large;—the At—y G——l laughed at the idea, and declared it was doing juſt nothing;—the M——y were for his expulſion, and ſo dropping him gently into inſignificancy;—that was thought wrong, as he would ſtill be induſtrious in miſchief;—the R—m party, I ſhould ſuppoſe, you will think counſelled beſt, which is, this day to expel him the

houſe—commit him to the Tower—and then proſecute him at leiſure—by which means he will loſe the opportunity of getting a ſeat in the next parliament—and have decent leiſure to repent him of the heavy evils he has occaſioned.—There is at this preſent moment at leaſt a hundred thouſand poor, miſerable, ragged rabble, from twelve to ſixty years of age, with blue cockades in their hats—beſides half as many women and children—all parading the ſtreets—the bridges—the park—ready for any and every miſchief.—Gracious God! what's the matter now? I was obliged to leave off—the ſhouts of the mob—the horrid claſhing of ſwords—and the clutter of a multitude in ſwifteſt motion—drew me to the door—when every one in the ſtreet was employed in ſhutting up ſhop.—It is now juſt five o'clock—the ballad-ſingers are exhauſting their muſical talents—with the downfall of Popery, S—h, and N—h.—Lord S—h narrowly eſcaped with life about an hour ſince;—the mob ſeized his chariot going to the

houſe, broke his glaſſes, and, in ſtruggling to get his lordſhip out, they ſomehow have cut his face;—the guards flew to his aſſiſtance—the light-horſe ſcowered the road, got his chariot, eſcorted him from the coffee-houſe, where he had fled for protection, to his carriage, and guarded him bleeding very faſt home. This—this—is liberty! genuine Britiſh liberty!—This inſtant about two thouſand liberty boys are ſwearing and ſwaggering by with large ſticks—thus armed in hopes of meeting with the Iriſh chairmen and labourers—all the guards are out—and all the horſe;—the poor fellows are juſt worn out for want of reſt—having been on duty ever ſince Friday.—Thank heaven, it rains; may it increaſe, ſo as to ſend theſe deluded wretches ſafe to their homes, their families, and wives! About two this afternoon, a large party took it into their heads to viſit the King and Queen, and entered the Park for that purpoſe—but found the guard too numerous to be forced, and after ſome uſeleſs attempts gave it up.—It is report-

ed, the houſe will either be prorogued, or parliament diſſolved, this evening—as it is in vain to think of attending any buſineſs while this anarchy laſts.

I cannot but felicitate you, my good friend, upon the happy diſtance you are placed from our ſcene of confuſion.—May foul Diſcord and her curſed train never nearer approach your bleſſed abode! Tell Mrs. S——, her good heart would ach, did ſhe ſee the anxiety, the woe, in the faces of mothers, wives, and ſweethearts, each equally anxious for the object of their wiſhes, the beloved of their hearts. Mrs. Sancho and ſelf both cordially join in love and gratitude, and every good wiſh—crowned with the peace of God, which paſſeth all underſtanding, &c.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours ever by inclination,

IGN. SANCHO.

Poſtſcript,

The Sardinian ambaſſador offered 500 guineas to the rabble, to ſave a painting

of our Saviour from the flames, and 1000 guineas not to deſtroy an exceeding fine organ: the gentry told him, they would burn him if they could get at him, and deſtroyed the picture and organ directly.—I am not ſorry I was born in Africa.—I ſhall tire you, I fear—and, if I cannot get a frank, make you pay dear for bad news.—There is about a thouſand mad men, armed with clubs, bludgeons, and crows, juſt now ſet off for Newgate, to liberate, they ſay, their honeſt comrades.—I wiſh they do not ſome of them loſe their lives of liberty before morning. It is thought by many who diſcern deeply, that there is more at the bottom of this buſineſs than merely the repeal of an act—which has as yet produced no bad conſequences, and perhaps never might.—I am forced to own, that I am for an univerſal toleration. Let us convert by our example, and conquer by our meekneſs and brotherly love!

Eight o'clock. Lord G—— G—— has this moment announced to my Lords the mob—that the act ſhall be repealed

this evening:—upon this, they gave a hundred cheers—took the horſes from his hackney-coach—and rolled him full jollily away:—they are huzzaing now ready to crack their throats

Huzzah.

I am forced to conclude for want of room—the remainder in our next.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO J.—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, June 9, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

GOVERNMENT is ſunk in lethargic ſtupor—anarchy reigns—when I look back to the glorious time of a George II. and a Pitt's adminiſtration—my heart ſinks at the bitter contraſt. We may now ſay of England, as was heretofore ſaid of Great Babylon—"the "beauty of the excellency of the Chal-

"dees—is no more;"—the Fleet Priſon, the Marſhalſea, King's-Bench, both Compters, Clerkenwell, and Tothill Fields, with Newgate, are all flung open;—Newgate partly burned, and 300 felons from thence only let looſe upon the world.—Lord M——'s houſe in town ſuffered martyrdom; and his ſweet box at Caen Wood eſcaped almoſt miraculouſly, for the mob had juſt arrived, and were beginning with it—when a ſtrong detachment from the guards and light-horſe came moſt critically to its reſcue—the library, and, what is of more conſequence, papers and deeds of vaſt value, were all cruelly conſumed in the flames.—Ld. N—'s houſe was attacked; but they had previous notice, and were ready for them. The Bank, the Treaſury, and thirty of the chief noblemen's houſes, are doomed to ſuffer by the inſurgents.—There were ſix of the rioters killed at Ld M——'s; and, what is remarkable, a daring chap eſcaped from Newgate, condemned to die this day, was the moſt active in miſ-

chief at Ld. M——'s, and was the firſt perſon ſhot by the ſoldier; ſo he found death a few hours ſooner than if he had not been releaſed.—The miniſtry have tried lenity, and have experienced its inutility; and martial law is this night to be declared.—If any body of people above ten in number are ſeen together, and refuſe to diſperſe, they are to be fired at without any further ceremony—ſo we expect terrible work before morning;—the inſurgents viſited the Tower, but it would not do—they had better luck in the Artillery-ground, where they found and took to their uſe 500 ſtand of arms; a great error in city politics, not to have ſecured them firſt.—It is wonderful to hear the execrable nonſenſe that is induſtriouſly circulated amongſt the credulous mob—who are told his M——y regularly goes to maſs at Ld. P——re's chaple—and they believe it, and that he pays out of his privy purſe Peter-pence to Rome. Such is the temper of the times—from too relaxed a government;—and a King and

Queen on the throne who poſſeſs every virtue. May God in his mercy grant that the preſent ſcourge may operate to our repentance and amendment! that it may produce the fruits of better thinking, better doing, and in the end make us a wiſe, virtuous, and happy people!—I am, dear Sir, truly Mrs. S——'s and your moſt grateful and obliged friend and ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

The remainder in our next.

Half paſt nine o'clock.

King's-Bench priſon is now in flames, and the priſoners at large; two fires in Holborn now burning.

LETTER LXIX.

June 9, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

HAPPILY for us the tumult begins to ſubſide—laſt night much was threatened, but nothing done—except in the early part of the evening, when about fourſcore or an hundred of the reformers got decently knocked on the head;—they were half killed by Mr. Langdale's ſpirits—ſo fell an eaſy conqueſt to the bayonet and but-end.—There is about fifty taken priſoners—and not a blue cockade to be ſeen:—the ſtreets once more wear the face of peace—and men ſeem once more to reſume their accuſtomed employments;—the greateſt loſſes have fallen upon the great diſtiller near Holborn-bridge, and Lord M——; the former, alas! has loſt his whole fortune;—the latter, the greateſt and beſt collection of manu-

ſcript writings, with one of the fineſt libraries in the kingdom.—Shall we call it a judgement?—or what ſhall we call it? The thunder of their vengeance has fallen upon gin and law—the two moſt inflammatory things in the Chriſtian world.—We have a Coxheath and Warley of our own; Hyde Park has a grand encampment, with artillery, Park, &c. &c. St. James's Park has ditto—upon a ſmaller ſcale. The Parks, and our Weſt end of the town, exhibit the features of French government. This minute, thank God! this moment Lord G. G. is taken. Sir F. Molineux has him ſafe at the horſe-guards. Bravo! he is now going in ſtate in an old hackney-coach, eſcorted by a regiment of militia and troop of light horſe to his apartments in the Tower.

"Off with his head—ſo much—for Buckingham."

We have taken this day numbers of the poor wretches, in ſo much we know not where to place them. Bleſſed be the Lord! we truſt this affair is pretty well

concluded.—If any thing tranſpires worth your notice—you ſhall hear from

Your much obliged, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

Beſt regards attend Mrs. S——; his lordſhip was taken at five o'clock this evening—betts run fifteen to five Lord G— G— is hanged in eight days:—he wiſhed much to ſpeak to his Majeſty on Wedneſday, but was of courſe refuſed.

LETTER LXX.

TO I—— S——, ESQ.

June 13, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

THAT my poor endeavours have given you information or amuſement, gratifies the warm wiſh of my heart;—for as I know not the man to

whoſe kindneſs I am ſo much indebted—I may ſafely ſay, I know not the man whoſe eſteem I more ardently covet and honour.—We are exceeding ſorry to hear of Mrs. S——'s indiſpoſition, and hope, ere this reaches you, ſhe will be well, or greatly mended.—The ſpring with us has been very ſickly—and the ſummer has brought with it ſick times—ſickneſs! cruel ſickneſs! triumphs through every part of the conſtitution:—the ſtate is ſick—the church (God preſerve it!) is ſick—the law, navy, army, all ſick—the people at large are ſick with taxes—the Miniſtry with Oppoſition, and Oppoſition with diſappointment.—Since my laſt, the temerity of the mob has gradually ſubſided;—numbers of the unfortunate rogues have been taken:—yeſterday about thirty were killed in and about Smithfield, and two ſoldiers were killed in the affray.—There is no certainty yet as to the number of houſes burnt and gutted—for every day adds to the account—which is a proof how induſtrious they were in their ſhort reign.—

Few evils but are productive of ſome good in the end:—the ſuſpicious turbulence of the times united the royal brothers;—the two Dukes, dropping all paſt reſentments, made a filial tender of their ſervices:—his Majeſty, God bleſs him! as readily accepted it—and on Thurſday laſt the brothers met—they are now a triple cord—God grant a bleſſing to the union! There is a report current this day, that the mob of York city have roſe, and let 3000 French priſoners out of York-caſtle—but it meets with very little credit.—I do not believe they have any thing like the number of French in thoſe parts—as I am informed the priſoners are ſent more to the weſtern inland counties—but every hour has its freſh cargo of lies. The camp in St. James's Park is daily increaſing—that and Hyde Park will be continued all ſummer.—The K—g is much among them them—walking the lines—and examining the poſts—he looks exceeding grave. Crowns, alas! have more thorns than roſes.

You ſee things, my dear Sir, with the faithful eye which looks through nature—up to nature's God—the ſacred page is your ſupport—the word of God your ſhield and armour—well may you be able ſo ſweetly to deduce good out of evil—the Lord ordereth your goings—and gives the bleſſing of increaſe to all your wiſhes. For your kind anxiety about me and family, we bleſs and thank you.—I own, at firſt I felt uneaſy ſenſations—but a little reflection brought me to myſelf.—Put thy truſt in God, quoth I.—Mrs. Sancho, whoſe virtues outnumber my vices (and I have enough for any one mortal) feared for me and for her children more than for herſelf.—She prayed too, I dare ſay—and her prayers were heard.

America ſeems to be quite loſt or forgot amongſt us;—the fleet is but a ſecondary affair.—Pray God ſend us ſome good news, to chear our drooping apprenſions, and to enable me to ſend you pleaſanter accounts;—for truſt me, my worthy friend, grief, ſorrow, devaſta-

tion, blood, and ſlaughter, are totally foreign to the taſte and affection of

Your faithful friend

and obliged ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

Our joint beſt wiſhes to Mrs. S——, ſelf, and family.

LETTER LXXI.

TO I—— S——, ESQ.

June 15, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I AM exceeding happy to inform you, that at twelve this noon Lord L—— arrived expreſs from Sir H— C—— with the pleaſing news, that, on the 12th of April, Charles Town with its dependencies capitulated to his Majeſty's arms, with the loſs of only 200 men on

our ſide.—By which fortunate event, five ſhips of war, beſides many frigates and one thouſand ſeamen, were captured; and ſeven thouſand military, which compoſed the garriſon.—You will have pleaſure, I am ſure, in finding ſo little blood ſhed—and in the hope of its accelerating the ſo much wiſhed for peace.—Incloſed is a liſt of the priſoners, which is from Lord Lincoln's account—at leaſt I am confidently told ſo—and more than that, it is ſaid the late terrible riot was on a plan concerted between the French and Americans—upon which their whole hope of ſucceſs was founded—they expected univerſal bankruptcy would be the conſequence with deſpair—and every ſad concomitant in its train.—By God's goodneſs, we have eſcaped.—May we deſerve ſo great mercy!

Prays ſincerely yours,

I. SANCHO.

The Gazette will not be out in time, but you ſhall have one to-morrow with-

out fail.—As ſoon as this news was announced—the Tower and Park guns confirmed it—the guards encamped in the parks fired each a grand *feu de joye*—to-night we blaze in illuminations—and to-morrow get up as poor and diſcontented as ever.—I wiſh, dear Sir, very much to hear Mrs. S—— is quite recovered—it would indicate more than a common want of feeling, were not my wife and ſelf anxious for the health and repoſe of ſuch very rare friends.—Indulge us, do, dear Sir, with a ſingle line, that we may joy in your joy upon her amendment, or join our wiſhes with yours to the God of mercy and love, for her ſpeedy recovery.—I incloſe you an evening paper—there is not much in it.—Upon conſideration, I have my doubts concerning the French and Americans being ſo deep in the plan of our late riots;—there requires, I think, a kind of ſupernatural knowledge to adjuſt their motions ſo critically—but you can judge far better than my weak intellects;—therefore I will not pretend

to affirm any thing for truth, except my ſincere deſire to approve myſelf moſt gratefully

Your obliged ſervant,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXII.

TO I—— S——, ESQ.

June 16, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

As a ſupplement to my laſt—this is to tell you a piece of private news—which gives miniſtry high hopes in the future. General Waſhington, who was anxiouſly watching Sir H. Clinton, no ſooner ſaw with certainty his intention—but he ſtruck his camp, and made the moſt rapid march to New York—they expected it;—but as he was in ſuperiour force—they felt their danger.—Sir H. Clinton, as ſoon as he could poſſibly ſettle the garriſon of Charles Town, em-

barked with ſeven thouſand men, and got to New York in time to ſave it;—and if he can poſſibly bring Waſhington to a battle, it is thought the fate of America will be ſoon decided.—Thank God! the ſky clears in that quarter—but we look rather lowering at home.—Miniſtry wiſh now too plainly to diſarm the ſubjects.—Laſt year, under dread of a French invaſion, the good people were thanked for their military favour.—Maſter tradeſmen armed their journeymen and apprentices—and the ſerjeants of the guards abſolutely made little fortunes in teaching grown gentlemen of all deſcriptions their exerciſe—in fancied uniforms, and ſhining arms, they marched to the right, wheeled to the left, and looked battle-proof;—but now it ſeems they are not only uſeleſs, but offenſive.—How the affair will end, God only knows!—I do not like its complexion.—Government has ordered them to give up their arms—if they do, where is Britiſh liberty? if they refuſe, what is adminiſtration? Many are gentlemen of

large property—Inns of Court Members, Lawyers, &c. dangerous people.—Time will unveil the whole.—May its lenient powers pour the balm of healing councils on this once glorious ſpot!—and make it as heretofore the nurſe of freedom!—Europe's faireſt example—the land of truth, bravery, loyalty, and of every heart-gladdening virtue. That you and Mrs. S—— may, ſurrounded with friends, and in the enjoyment of every good, live to ſee the completion of my wiſhes—is the concluding prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Yours ever, &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO I—— S——, ESQ.

June 19, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I AM ſorry to hear by brother O—— that Mrs. S—— yet continues but poorly—may ſhe be ſoon perfectly well—and health attend you both! We remain pretty quiet—the military are ſo judiciouſly placed, that in fact the whole town (in deſpight of its magnitude) is fairly overawed and commanded by them.—His M——y went this day to the houſe—and gave them the very beſt ſpeech, in my opinion, of his whole life: I have the pleaſure to incloſe it.—If I err in judgement, I know you more the true candid friend, than the ſevere critic—and that you will ſmile at the miſtake of the head—and do juſtice to the heart of

Your ever obliged,

I. SANCHO.

There is a report, that the Quebec Fleet, eſcorted by two frigates, are entirely captured by a French ſquadron.—I hope this will prove premature.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO MR. J—— W——E.

Charles Street, Weſtm. June 13, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How do you do? is the bleſſing of health upon you? do you eat moderately? drink temperately, and laugh heartily? ſleep ſoundly? converſe carefully with one eye to pleaſure, the other fixed upon improvement? The above is the hope and wiſh of thy friend, friend to thy houſe, and reſpector of its character.—You, happy young man, by as happy a coincidence of fortune, are like to be the head of the W—— family:—may riches viſit you, coupled with honour and honeſty!—and then

ſweet peace of mind ſhall yield you a dignity—which kings have not power to confer:—then will you experience that the ſelf-ennobled are the only true noble:—then will you truly feel thoſe beautiful lines of Pope's:

"One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
"Of idle ſtarers, or of loud huzza's;
"What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
"Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

Your father, I truſt, will ſend you ſome public prints, in which you will ſee the bleſſed temper of the times:—we are (but do not be frightened) all, at leaſt two thirds of us, run mad—through too much religion;—our religion has ſwallowed up our charity—and the fell demon Perſecution is become the ſacred idol of the once free, enlightened, generous Britons.—You will read with wonder and horror the ſad, ſad hiſtory of eight ſuch days—as I wiſh from my ſoul could be annihilated out of Time's records for ever.

That poor wretched young man I once warned you of is I find (from under his

own hand) now reſident at Calcutta:—'tis not in the power of friendſhip to ſerve a man who will in no one inſtance care for himſelf:—ſo I wiſh you not to know him—but whatever particulars you can collaterally glean of him, I ſhall eſteem it a favour if you would tranſmit them to

Your ſincere friend,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Mrs. Sancho joins me cordially in every wiſh for your good.

LETTER LXXV.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

June 27, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is news this day arrived, which, I believe, may be depended upon—that Rodney brought the French admiral to a ſecond engagement about the 26th of May; it unluckily fell calm,

or the affair would have been deciſive.—The van of Rodney, however, got up to Monſ. Guichen's fleet's rear, and gave it a hearty welcome.—Rodney ſtill keeps the ſeas, and prevents the French fleet getting into Martinique.—The account ſays, the enemy had the advantage of ſix ſhips of the line more than Rodney—and a report runs current, that Walſingham has fallen-in with the Dominica fleet, conſiſting of thirty merchantmen and two frigates, and taken moſt of them—but this wants confirmation.—Dear Sir, I hope Mrs. S—— is better than mending—quite well—to whom our moſt ſincere reſpects.—Your order, good Sir, is compleated, and, pleaſe God, will be delivered to to-morrow's waggon.

Excuſe my ſcrawling hand—in truth my eyes fail me, I feel myſelf ſince laſt winter an old man all at once—the failure of eyes—the loſs of teeth—the thickneſs of hearing—are all meſſengers ſent in mercy and love, to turn our thoughts to the important journey which kings and great men ſeldom think

about:—it is for ſuch as you to meditate on time and eternity with true pleaſure;—looking back, you have very much to comfort you;—looking forward, you have all to hope.—As I have reaſon to reſpect you in this life, may I and mine be humble witneſſes in the next of the exceeding weight of bliſs and glory poured out without meaſure upon thee and thine!

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO MR. O——.

July 1, 1780.

DEAR BROTHER,

SHALL I rejoice or condole with you upon this new acquaintance you have made? How the devil it found you out, I cannot imagine—I ſuppoſe the father

of mischief, sent it to some richer neighbour at a greater house; but as Johnny O—— was a character better known, and much more esteemed, the gout thought he might as well just take a peep at F——m, liked the place, and the man of the place—and so, nestling into your shoe, quite forgot his real errand:—thy guardian angel watched the whole procedure—quoth he, "I cannot wholly avert evils—but I can turn them into blessings.—This transitory pain shall not only refine his blood, and cleanse him from other disorders—it shall also lengthen his life, and purify his heart:—the hour of affliction is the seed-time of reflection—the good shall greatly overbalance the evil."——As I am unfortunately an adept in the gout, I ought to send you a cart-load of cautions and advice—talk nonsense about tight shoes, &c. with a farrago of stuff more teazing than the pain;—but I hear the ladies visit you—and, what's better, friendship in the shape of Messieurs S——k and B——n were seen to enter the palace of

F——. I ſupped laſt night with Dr. R——, where your health was drunk, and your gout pretty freely canvaſſed.

God orders all for the beſt.

Yours, &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

July 5, 178—.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED yours this morning from the hands of a gentleman, who would not ſtay to be thanked for the invaluable letter he brought me.—You truly ſay, that cold lowneſs of ſpirits engender melancholy thoughts;—for my part, I ſhould be a moſt ungrateful being to repine—for I have known good health—and even now, though not well, far from being ill, and have the friendſhip of Mr. S——, and one or two more who do

honour to human nature.—But the purpoſe of this ſcrawl is to confirm to you a piece of good news this day arrived—which is, that both the Carolinas, and beſt part of Virginia, are all come into their allegiance.—The back ſettlers have roſe, and muſtered the reluctant:—thus the three richeſt and ſtrongeſt provinces are now in the King's peace—for which, God make us thankful.

Adieu, dear Sir.—Mrs. Sancho (whoſe eyes kindle with pleaſure while ſhe ſpeaks) begs to be joined with me in the moſt reſpectful manner to Mrs. S—— and yourſelf—hope Mrs. S—— is quite as well as you can wiſh her.

I am ever yours,

Dear Sir, to command,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, Auguſt 18, 1780.

MY DEAR AND HON. SIR,

MY long ſilence was the effect of a dearth of news—I could have wrote, it's true—but you would have ill reliſhed a maſs of thanks upon favours received.—Minds like yours diffuſe bleſſings around; and, like parent heaven, reſt ſatisfied with the heart.—Your goodneſs, dear Sir, is regiſtered there—and death will not expunge it.—No; it will travel to the throne of grace, and the Almighty will not wrong you.—I am juſt riſen from table with my friend R——, and we have toaſted you moſt cordially in conjunction with the amiable partner of your heart, whom I hope in ſome happy time to ſee—I may ſay, hunger and thirſt to ſee—it's the wiſh of my heart.—Providence has indulged me with many, and I will hope for the com-

pletion of this.—But to the point:—a gentleman in adminiſtration (with whom I am upon good terms) about an hour ſince called upon me, to give me ſome freſh news juſt arrived from Admiral Geary's fleet—an engagement between a new French frigate, pierced for 44 guns, mounting 32, called the Nymphe, and the Flora Engliſh frigate, Capt. * Peer Williams, of 36 guns; the Flora was peeping into Breſt harbour, when the Nymphe was coming out full of men;—they were both in the right mind for engagement—to it they went—the Frenchman began the affair at two cables length diſtance.—Williams reſerved his fire till they were within half-cable's length—it laſted with the obſtinacy of two enraged lions for above two hours.—A French cutter came up to teaze, but was ſent off ſoon with a belly-full;—at laſt the French captain, at the head of his men, attempted boarding—when our Engliſh hero met him—ran him

* Capt. Peer Williams is firſt couſin to Lady N——; and he will not fare the worſe for that.

through the body—drove back his men—put them under hatches—ſtruck the colours—when ſhe was on fire in four different places.—This affair happened the 10th ult. and he has gallantly brought his prize into Plymouth.—This is the greateſt affair, take the number of guns, men, &c. altogether, that has happened this war. I am ſorry to remark, that if the French fleets in general behave ſo well, it will be a ſervice of danger to meddle with them.

When Capt. Williams had conquered the crew, they found ſixty dead upon deck;—the two ſhips exhibited a ſcene more like a ſlaughter-houſe, than any thing imaginable—Theſe, oh Chriſtians! are the features of war—and thus Moſt Chriſtian K—gs and Defenders of Faith ſhew their zeal and love for the dying commands of their Divine Maſter.—Oh! friend, may every felicity be thine, and thoſe beloved by thee! may the heart-felt ſigh ariſe only at the tale of foreign woes!—May the ſacred tear of pity bedew the cheek for misfortunes only ſuch

as humanity may ſoften!—Mrs. Sancho joins me in ſincere and grateful reſpects to Mrs. S—— and ſelf.

Yours truly,

J. SANCHO.

Sancho begs his reſpects to Mr. and Mrs. C——; love to Sir J— O——, and all who enquire after Blackamoors.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO MRS C——.

Charles Street, Sept. 7, 1780.

My greatly eſteemed and honoured friend, if my pen doth juſtice in any ſort to my feelings, this letter will not be a complimentary one.—I look upon ſuch letters as I do upon the ladies winter noſegays, a choice diſplay of vivid colouring, but no ſweetneſs.—My friend Mr. R—— ſays, I ſtand condemned in the opinions of two ladies for

an omittance in writing: believe me, my ſorrow for incurring the cenſure is much more real than the crime; for when the heart is overcharged with worldly care, the mind bending alſo to the preſſure of afflictive viſitations—add to that the ſnow-tipt hairs announcing fifty odd—the fire of fancy is quite extinguiſhed.—Alas! alas! ſuch being the true ſtate of the caſe—I dare abide by the jury of your noble and equitable hearts, to be brought in not guilty.—The ſhew of hands was greatly in favour of Mr. C—F——x and Sir G—R——y; they will carry it all to nothing, is the opinion of the knowing.—Lord L—— met with a coarſe reception, at which he was a little diſpleaſed.—Mr. B——g ſpoke like the pupil of eloquence;—but the glorious F——x was the father and ſchool of oratory himſelf—the Friend! the Patron! the Example!—There now—I attended the huſtings from ten to half paſt two—gave my free vote to the Honourable C—— J—— F—x and to Sir G—— R——y; hobbled home full

of pain and hunger.—What followed after, you ſhall know in my next. At preſent I have only to declare myſelf

Yours and Miſs C——'s
moſt obedient, faithful,
humble ſervant,
IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXX.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Sept. 9, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

WE are all election-bewitched here—I hope Sir C—— B—— meets with no oppoſition—he is ſo worthy a character, that, ſhould he be ill ſupported, it would impeach the good ſenſe and honeſty of his conſtituents.—Mrs. S—— and yourſelf, I pray God, may both enjoy health and every good.—I here incloſe you this evening's paper, by which you will ſee how the F—x is

like to lead Ad—n. He and Sir G— B—— R—— had my hearty vote, and I had the honour of his thanks perſonally. —And in writing alſo, I have to thank you for a thouſand kind things, which I wiſh from my ſoul I could any way ever deſerve.—May health and every bleſſing beſtrew your paths—and thoſe of all you love!—is the prayer and wiſh of

Your much obliged
humble ſervant,

J. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXXI.

TO MISS C——.

Saturday, Sept. 9, 1780.

DEAR MISS,

I HAVE the honour to addreſs you upon a very intereſting, ſerious, critical ſubject.—Do not be alarmed! it is an affair which I have had at heart ſome days paſt—it has employed my meditations more than my prayers.—Now I

proteſt I feel myſelf in the moſt awkwark of ſituations—but it muſt out—and ſo let it.—But how does my good, my half-adored Mrs. C——? and how does Miſs A——? and when did you ſee my worthy Mrs R——? Are they all well, and happy as friendſhip could wiſh them? How is the Doctor and Beau S——, all well?—Well, thank God—and you your dear ſelf are well? Honey, and was not Lord N—— an Iriſh title? true, but the chield is Scotch born.—Pray give my beſt affections to Mrs. C——, and acquaint her with the ſtate of the poll for the ancient city and liberty of Weſtminſter which I incloſe.—I would not wiſh you to mention what I ſo boldly advanced in the beginning of this letter.—No; let it die away like a miſer's hope.

Your moſt obedient,

moſt humble ſervant,

I remain, dear Miſs C——,

I. SANCHO.

The remainder in our next.

LETTER LXXXII.

TO I—— S——, ESQ.

Sept. 23, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED this evening one of the kindeſt letters that ever friendſhip dictated—for which I rejoice that the time draws near, when I ſhall have the delight to amend my health—and ſee the few true good friends—ſuch as my ſoul delighteh to honour.—I incloſe you an evening paper—Thank God! although the people have been a little irritated, every thing appears quiet, and I hope will remain ſo.—The week after next, I hope to ſee the good Mrs. S—— and your worthy ſelf, to whom Mrs. Sancho joins me in beſt wiſhes.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

The principal buſineſs I had to write about had like to have eſcaped me, which is your kindneſs in offering your houſe for head quarters; which I would embrace, had not brother O——— the right of priority.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO DOCTOR N—F—D.

Charles Street, Weſtm. Oct. 13, 1780.

HONOURED SIR,

WERE I to omit my thanks—poor as they are—for a ſingle poſt—your honeſt, and more ſenſible dog, would be aſhamed of me.

"A merciful man is good to his beaſts."

The friendly hand which ſtrokes, and rewards his attentions, that ſame friendly hand has preſcribed for my good—and under God has much beneſited my health;—the eye of kindneſs, which animates the poor animal to deeds almoſt

beyond inſtinct—hath beamed upon me alſo, and given me the pleaſing aſſurance of new health.—I wiſh, dear Sir, for juſt as much credit in the point of gratitude, as you will allow to fall to the ſhare of any poor honeſt dog.—For ſo much, and no more, prayeth, dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient

and grateful ſervant,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Friday, Oct. 13, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD eſteem myſelf too happy, were I at this moment certain that Mrs. S—— were as much better as I find

myſelf;—but when I conſider the profeſſional ſkill, as well as the intereſt Dr. N—— has in the welfare of you and yours, I ſit down ſatisfied in full hope that Mrs. S—— is at this moment better—much better—and as one ſpirit animates your both—you are better too. May health diffuſe itſelf throughout thy houſe! and gladden all around it! I am better, my dear Sir.—Tell my good Mrs. S——, I ſhall live to ſee her, and to thank her too moſt cordially in my child's name: for my part, your liberality in conſtant flow has tired me out with thank-ye's. Adieu, dear Sir.—I never left a place with ſo much regret as you made me leave B—— with —— nor ever met with the whole family of the Charities, but at thy houſe.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in acknowledgements to ſelf, good Mrs. S——, and Dr. N—f—d.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours gratefully,

A. I. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO MR. S——.

Friday, Oct. 18, 1780.

POOH, no, thou ſimpleton! I tell thee I got no cold, neither is my breath one jot the worſe.—I wiſh I knew that you ſuffered as little from break of reſt, and raw air.—I am glad I have left you, for your ſake as well as my own, my dear Stee.—The corks flew out of thy bottles in ſuch rapid ſucceſſion, that prudence and pity held a council upon it.—Generoſity ſtepped in, followed by a pert coxcomb, whom they called Spirit—and God knows how the affair is to end.—I intend to write a line to the worthies of your town, the good Mr. S—— and Dr. N—f—d. Oh, Stee! had I thy abilities, I would ſay what ſhould credit my feelings, though it

fell far ſhort of the merits of ſuch friends to mankind—and

Your IGN. SANCHO, in particular.

Love and reſpects to thy generous ſcholars—the Greens—the Browns, &c. &c. to reverends Meſſ. Prettyman, and the other gentleman with pretty wife, whoſe name is deſerted from the ſilly pate of thy true friend Sancho.—I have not ſeen Mr. J—— H——, but they are all well, as Mr. Anthony has juſt announced.

Say handſomely to the Greens—and much as you pleaſe to the Prettymans.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO MR. L——.

October 25, 1780.

MY DEAR BOY,

THIS is to thank you kindly for the affectionate mark of your remembrance of your old friend.—After a long

tedious voyage, you happily reached the haven of your repoſe—found your friends well—and rejoiced their hearts by preſenting, not a prodigal, but a duteous, worthy, and obedient child;—theirs be the joy—but yours will be the gain.—As ſure as light follows the riſing of the ſun, and darkneſs the ſetting of it;—ſo ſure is goodneſs even in this life its own reward.—Of courſe you are in the militia—that will do you no harm;—ſpirit and true courage in defence of our country is naturally and nobly employed.—We are in the upper world playing the old fooliſh game—in the ſame fooliſh way—and with the ſame fooliſh ſet that trod the miniſterial boards when you left us. Your friend D—— tries expedients, and gets nothing;—he is very deep in my debt; but as he has nothing, I can expect nothing—for I never will conſent to do that to others, I would not they ſhould do unto me.—N—— does better, and grows proud—I wiſh him joy.—My dear youth, be proud of nothing but an

honeſt heart.—Let the ſacred oracles be your morn and evening counſellors—ſo ſhall you truly enjoy life, and ſmile at the approach of death.—I have been exceedingly ill ſince you left us;—but thank God! I have got a fair fit of the gout, which will, I hope, cleanſe me from my whole budget of complaints.—I ſhall live, I hope, till your good preſent arrives;—and then I ſhall live indeed.—Send the girls ſome cherry nuts, if eaſy to be procured.—Mrs. S—— joins me in love, good will, and good wiſhes for thy peace, health, and proſperity.

Adieu, Yours affectionately,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO I—— S——, ESQ.

Nov. 1, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I TRUST, in God's good providence, this will find Mrs. S—— in perfect health; and you ſo well, that it ſhall remain a doubt which is heartieſt.—I am in the way of being well—the gout in both feet and legs—I go upon all fours—the conflict has been ſharp, I hope the end is near—I never remember them to have ſwelled ſo much,—I believe my preſerver, Dr. N—f—d, would allow it to be a decent fit;—my grateful reſpects attend him: the iſſue is deferred till the gout ſubſides, and I find my breath ſomewhat better; but I can find no poſition eaſy.—I incloſe you the topic of the day.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in every wiſh for the felicity of our much-loved friends, yourſelf, and better ſelf.

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO MRS. O——.

Charles Street, Weſt. N° 19. Nov. 5, 1780.

DEAR SISTER,

I PRAY thee accept the incloſed as a mite of thanks and gratitude for the tender care and true friendly obligingneſs, which a wife could only equal, and which I never expected to find from home.—I feel and acknowledge your kindneſs—*that*, and the *uncommon* goodneſs of ſome of the beſt of human nature, ſhall be cheriſhed in my heart while it continues to beat.—Every body tells me I am better—and what every one ſays muſt be true;—for my part, I feel a very ſlow amendment; my cough is pretty ſtubborn; my breath very little better; body weak as water—add to this, a ſmart gout in both legs and feet.—Your ſiſter joins me in love and repeated

thanks for all favours ſhewn to her poor, worn out, old man.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Nov. 18, 1780.

MA DEAR SIR,

IT is a week this bleſſed day ſince that I ought, according to every rule of gratitude, love, and zeal, to have thanked my beſt friends for a plenty of ſome of the beſt wine, which came in the beſt time true kindneſs could have contrived it.—I ſhould alſo have congratulated the many anxious hearts upon the happy recovery of yourſelf, and my thrice good Mrs. S——. I waited from poſt to poſt to be enabled to ſend a tolerable account of myſelf—the gout has uſed me like a tyrant—and my aſthma, if poſſible, worſe.—I have ſwelled gradually all over.—What a ſight! Dr. J—bb will not ſuffer me to make an iſſue yet, as he would not wiſh to diſturb

the gout.—In truth, my beſt friend, I never truly knew illneſs till this bout.—Your goodneſs greatly leſſened my anxiety.—I find in it the continual flow of more than parental kindneſs:—as God gave the heart, he muſt and alone can give the reward!—Our joint beſt love, and moſt reſpectful thanks, attend you both, from

Yours gratefully,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

LETTER XC.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, Nov. 27, 1780.

MY friend, patron, preſerver! were the mind alone ſick—God never created—ſince the bleſſed Apoſtles days—a better phyſician than thyſelf—either ſingly, or in happy *partnerſhip* with the beſt of women—not only ſo, but your bleſſed zeal, like the Samaritan's, forgetful of ſelf-wants—poureth the wine and oil, and bindeth up the wounds

of worldly ſickneſs—then leaving with reluctance the happy object of thy care to the mercy of an intereſted hoſt—with money in hand you cry—"Call help, ſpare no expence—and when I return, I will repay you." Indulge me, my noble friend, I have ſeen the prieſt, and the Levite, *after many years knowledge*—ſnatch a haſty look—then with averted face, purſue their different routes: and yet theſe good folks pray, turn up their eyes to that Heaven they daily inſult, and take more pains to preſerve the appearances of virtue, than would ſuffice to make them good in earneſt.—You ſee, my good Sir, by the galloping of my pen, that I am much mended.—I have been intolerably plagued with a bilious colic, which, after three days excruciating torments, gave way to mutton-fat-broth clyſters.—I am now (bating the ſwelling of my legs and ancles) much mended—air and exerciſe is all I want—but the fogs and damps are woefully againſt me.—Mrs. Sancho, who reads, weeps, and wonders, as the

various paſſions impel, ſays, ſhe is ſure the merits of your houſe would ſave B——, were the reſt of the inhabitants ever ſo bad;—ſhe joins me in every grateful thought.—In good truth, I have not language to expreſs my feelings.—Dr. R—— hurries me. Bleſſed couple, adieu!

Yours,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XCI.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, Dec. 1, 1780.

WHY joy in the extreme ſhould end painfully, I cannot find out—but that it does ſo, I will ever ſeriouſly maintain. When I read thy effuſions of goodneſs, my head turned;—but when I came to conſider the extenſive and expenſive weight and ſcope of the contents, my reaſon reeled, and idiotiſm took poſſeſſion of me—till the friendly tears, waſhing away the miſts of doubt, preſented you to me as beings of a purer,

happier order—which God in his mercy perhaps ſuffers to be ſcattered here and there—thirdly—that the lucky few who know them may, at the ſame time, know what man in his original ſtate was intended to be:—I gave your generous requeſt a fair hearing—the two firſt propoſed places would kill me, except (and that is impoſſible) Mrs. Sancho was with me.

Inclination ſtrongly points to the land of friendſhip—where goodneſs ever bloſſoms—and where N—f—d heals. At preſent I take nothing, but am trying for a few days what honeſt nature unperplexed by art will do for me.—I am pretty much ſwelled ſtill, but I take ſhort airings in the near ſtages, ſuch as Greenwich, Clapham, Newington, &c. &c. Walking kills me.—The mind—the mind, my ever dear and honoured friends—the mind requires her lullaby;—ſhe muſt have reſt—ere the body can be in a ſtate of comfort, ſhe muſt enjoy peace, and that muſt be found in ſtill repoſe of family and home.—Mrs. Sancho, who

ſpeaks by her tears, ſays what I will not pretend to decypher;—I believe ſhe moſt fervently recommends you to that Being who beſt knows you—for he gave you your talents.—My moſt grateful and affectionate reſpects, joined with Mrs. Sancho's, attend the good Mrs. S——, thyſelf, and all thy connexions. I cannot ſay how much we are obliged to you; but certainly we were never ſo much nor ſo undeſervingly obliged to any before. God keep you in all your doings—prays thine— SANCHO.

LETTER XCII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Dec. 7, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I AM doubly and trebly happy, that I can in ſome meaſure remove the anxiety of the beſt couple in the univerſe. I ſet aſide all thanks—for were I to enter into the feelings of my heart for the paſt and preſent, I ſhould fill the ſheet: but you would not be pleaſed.—In good